Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

SONG.—My heart, only love.

The breath is like the wave,
And, harmless as the dove;
So pure the heart doth know,
My heart only love!

Upon my fragrant breast
How calm could I repose,
And serenely sink to rest,
Forgetful of my woes!

Thy voice hath pow'r to charm
The fiercest ruffian's heart,
Its tones would do their harm,
All lovely as thou art.

Should sickness, care, or grief,
Bring pain and misery;
One smile would give relief,
Administer'd by thee.

All thoughts of care, or sorrow,
This treasure would remove;
We'd let them wait the morrow,
My sweet, only love!

O. G.

From the Casket.

ELLEN OF ARGYLE.

The little story that I am about to relate is loaded to us from among the legends of antiquity, with which Scotland abounds. Although these stories of "olden time" convey but little moral applicability to the purposes of modern life, yet they bring to view many obsolete traits in the Scottish character, which are the foundation of its present reputation. The constitution of feuds, which had its origin from the military policy of those northern nations, the Goths, the Huns, the Lombards, &c. prevailed at the time of which we are speaking, in almost all the nations of Europe, and in Scotland it flourished in the highest vigor. Numerous clans, each governed by a hereditary chieftain, composed the nation. Homage and fealty were due from the nobility to the king, and these received the like pledges of attachment and service from inferior chiefs and tenantry. Under a government so nearly connected for any other than military purposes, it is not surprising that intestine commotions were frequent—when clan was arrayed against clan, with all the bitterness which local prejudices engender.

Among the chiefs thus arrayed against each other, were those of Argyle and the Island of Mull. In numerical strength the clan of Argyle, or the Campbells, was much superior to that of Mull, or the Maclains, for so were they severally distinguished. The Maclains were, nevertheless, brave and hardy, and at all times a troublesome enemy. The Island of Mull is situated off the Western coast of Scotland, and is one of the principal of the Hebrides, being twenty-eight miles in length, and eighteen in breadth.

The lengthened hostilities of these clans became irksome to them both, and both were anxious to establish a lasting truce, through motives of policy more than friendship. Experience had, however, taught them that treaties were unavailing as there were always some malicious individuals of either clan, especially among the followers from the different coasts, who were sure to commit almost daily acts of violence, producing perplexing disputes, that always ended in bloodshed.

Argyle was at this time a widower, with one son, the heir to his dukedom, and a daughter, Ellen, a maiden of extraordinary beauty and intelligence. Maclain was young, and unmarried, and a union between him and Ellen of Argyle seemed to promise a permanent repose to the contending parties. A mutual attachment existed between Ellen and an English knight—but she did not hesitate to sacrifice inclination to patriotism. The marriage accordingly took place in the castle of Argyle, attended with the pomp and ceremony suited to the rank of the parties, and the importance of the occasion.

The intercourse between the clans was marked, for some time, with the strictest cordiality; and the Duke congratulated himself upon the happy consummation of a plan which had originated with himself. But the birth of a son and heir to the chieftainship of Mull, gave rise to new feelings among the kindred of the present chief. The collateral relations found themselves excluded to make way for a detested Campbell—murmurs and complaints were carried to the castle, and was assumed the forms of menace and rebellion. The few domestics that attended Ellen of Argyle from the parental roof, were, one by one, on some pretence, removed from about her person, and she was left friendless amidst a host of enemies, who no longer concealed their hatred. In this distress she was without resource and without consolation—honor forbade an appeal to her father, and consequently to a renewal of those jealousies which she had been for a time the means of sharing. Her husband, imbecile and irresolute, afforded but a feeble promise of protection against the ungovernable resentment of his kindred. At length a body of inferior chiefs waited on their leader, and demanded that his wife and child should be delivered into their possession, declaring, in case of refusal, that Bonlona, a popular and designing man, and near kinsman to the chief of Mull, should be their leader. It was in vain that Maclain opposed argument and entreaty to the cruel determination of the chiefs of his clan; they knew his character, and felt excited that resolution was only necessary to compel him to yield to their purpose. Having obtained permission from their chief, Bonlona, with two others, entered the apartment of Ellen at midnight, and ordered her to prepare herself to be sent to return to her father; informing her that the Maclains would not submit to a minion of the house of Argyle, nor a chieftain of the blood of the Campbells.

Ellen could not believe that these men of blood intended to convey her to her father. She inferred from that as the mother of her helpless infant she could not feel some degree of maternal anguish at the unseemable and unceremonious visit—but as the daughter of Argyle she could meet their menaces without dismay, and their insults with scorn. She was soon prepared, and with her infant, only a few months old, followed them to the sea-shore. She was then delivered into the hands of two ruffians, who received her in a boat, for the purpose apparently of conveying her and her child to the coast of Argyle. After rowing several hours the boat was stopped at an isolated rock, emerging but a few yards of surface, and but a few feet above the level of the ocean. The idea of being thus left with her child, with no companion but despair and famine, overcame the resolution of Ellen of Argyle. She implored the pity of her murderers—but she implored in vain—the only reply she received was, that "her time would be short"—with which the men departed and left her to her fate. As she reflected on the manner of the ruffians, the fatal truth rushed upon her mind—the returning tide would overwhelm the rock, and speedy and certain destruction would her infant and herself. Few situations more heartrending and deplorable can well be imagined than that of Ellen: her enemy was the tempest swell of the mighty ocean—her fate was in the pathway of omnipotent power.

The death of Ellen and her infant by a malignant disorder, was announced from the castle of Mull, and a grand and solemn funeral gave evidence to the deception. A messenger was dispatched to Argyle to inform him of the melancholy event, and to advise him that the chief of Mull, with a splendid retinue, would pay a token of condolence to his afflicted father-in-law. Argyle arrived, with his friends, clothed in the habit of mourning—he was met by Argyle and his followers, clad also in sable, and conducted to the ducal hall, where refreshments were prepared for the visitors. The duke informed Maclain that he should presently invite him to the feast: but that a guest would soon join them, whose company would be particularly agreeable, at least to himself—that his house had been too long without a mistress, and the new-comer was to occupy that station.

"What! a bridal and a funeral feast!" cried Maclain.

"Aye," quoth John of Lorn, "a bridal and a funeral feast! here is a step-dame for an unruly son—but even her authority will hardly keep me calm to-day."

"Methinks your joy makes you forget that sorrow too is blended with this occasion," said Maclain.

"True," replied Argyle, "but John of Lorn is ever thoughtless—but you, brave sir, shall judge if the lady deserve not our kindest feelings."

The lady now made her appearance, and was no other than Ellen of Argyle, with her infant son. She had been rescued from her perilous situation by some fishermen, shortly after day break on the same morning she was left upon the rock, and at a moment of the greatest peril.

Surprise and shame kept the treacherous chieftain and his followers silent. Argyle thus addressed them: "Maclains—If the entertainment is displeasing, you are at liberty to depart—but the threshold of hospitality once passed, your recreant chieftain shall answer for his insult to my house, and his perfidy to my daughter."

The Maclains hastened from the hall of Argyle, pursued by the Campbells. The chief of Mull stopped not at the threshold, but was pursued by John of Lorn, who slew him as he fled.

But few escaped—and the treacherous Bonlona was among the number who paid the forfeit of their crimes.

SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

Mr. Bradbury, in his travels in the interior of North America, relates the following sigular adventure of a man named John Colter:

"Colter came to St. Louis in May, 1810, in a small canoe, from the head waters of the Missouri a distance of 3000 miles which he traversed in 30 days. I saw him on his arrival, and received from him an account of his adventures, after he had separated from Lewis and Clarke's party; one of these, for its singularity, I shall relate. On the arrival of the party at the head waters of the Missouri, Colter observing an appearance of abundance of beaver being there, got permission to remain and hunt for some time, which he did in company with a man of the name of Dixon who had traversed the immense tract of country from St. Louis to the head waters of the Missouri alone. Soon after, he separated from Dixon, and *trapped* in company with a hunter named Potts; and, aware of the hostility of the Black-feet Indians, one of whom had been killed by Lewis, they set their traps at night, and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day. They were examining their traps early one morning, in a creek about six miles from that branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view. Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an instant retreat, but was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted that the noise was caused by buffaloes, and they proceeded on.

In a few minutes afterwards, their doubts were removed by a party of Indians, making their appearance on both sides of the creek, to the amount of five or six hundred, who beckoned them to come ashore. As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe, and at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, who is a remarkably strong man, immediately retook it, and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and on receiving it, pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore, when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out, "Colter, I am wounded!"——Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come ashore. Instead of complying, he instantly levelled his rifle at the Indian, and shot him dead on the spot. This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of madness, but it was doubtless the effect of sudden, but sound reasoning; for, if taken alive, he must have expected to be tortured to death, according to their custom. He was instantly pierced with arrows so numerous, that, to use Colter's words, "*he was made a riddle of.*" They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult on the manner he should be put to death.

They were first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at, but the chief interfered, and seizing him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast? Colter, who had been some time amongst the Keckatoo or Crow Indians, had in a considerable degree acquired the Blackfoot language, and was also well acquainted with Indian customs; he knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundreds against him, and those armed Indians; he therefore cunningly replied that he was a very bad runner, although he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift. The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, and he led Colter out on the prairie three or four hundred yards, and released him, bidding him *save himself if he could*. At this instant the horrid war-whoop sounded in the ears of poor Colter, who, urged with the hope of preserving life, ran with a speed at which himself was surprised. He proceeded towards the Jefferson Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles in breadth; abounding with prickly pear, on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half way across the plain before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered, and that he gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than ninety or one hundred yards from him. A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter, he derived confidence from the belief, that escape was within the bounds of possibility; but that confidence was nearly fatal to him, for he exerted himself to such a degree, that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the fore part of his body.

He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him. Determined if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the suddenness of the action, and perhaps by the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop; but, exhausted with running, he fell whilst endeavoring to throw his spear, which struck in the ground, and broke. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight. The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped till others came on arriving at the place, stopped till others came up to join them, when they set up a hideous yell. Every moment of time was improved by Colter; who although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the cotton tree wood, on the borders of the Fork, through which he ran and plunged into the river.

Fortunately for him, a little below this place was an island, against the upper part of which, a raft of drift timber had lodged. He dived under the raft, and after several efforts, got his head above water amongst the trunks of the trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet. Scarcely had he secured himself, when the Indians arrived on the river, screaching and yelling, as Colter expressed it, "*like so many devils.*" They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape, until the idea arose, that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense he remained until night when hearing no more of the Indians, he dived under the raft, and swam silently down the river to a considerable distance, where he landed, and travelled all night. Although happy in having escaped from the Indians, his situation was still dreadful; he was completely naked, under a burning sun; the soles of his feet were entirely filled with the thorns of the prickly pear; he was hungry, and had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance around him; and was at least seven days journey from Lisa's Fort, on the Bighorn branch of the Roche Jaune river. These were circumstances, under which, almost any man, but an American hunter, would have despaired. He arrived at the Fort in seven days; having subsisted on a root much esteemed by the Indians of the Missouri, now known by naturalists as *psoralea esculenta*.

Written for the Casket.

TO AUTUMN.

Take a mournful pleasure in surveying
The sapphire tints which mellow Autumn brings,
To see the verdure day by day decaying;
To hear the red-breast, when he sadly sings,
A farewell strain, as if a requiem paying,
To haunted grove, to mead and streamlet straying.

Though plenty, smiling in the golden sheaf,
Gladdens with joy the frugal farmer's heart,
All nature wears an aspect now of grief.
Which thoughts of death to reckless ones impart.
Consumption's victim knows that life is brief,
He reads his doom in Autumn's falling leaf.

Season of mirth! when harvest scenes foregell
To laboring millions, from their toils repose,
How many tears thy coming doth dispel,
Thou best physician to the poor man's woes.
The half-clad beggar feels on happy now,
As him who wears a laurel on his brow.

Thou mak'st earth lovely, season of decay;
The withered flower can still a fragrance shed,
Thus, gh earth has thrown her emerald garb away,
The lawn resembles beauty, newly dead.
Like clouds most brilliant, when the king of day,
The world is gilding with his farewell ray.

The feathered tribe, of snows and storms aware,
To climes more genial, take unerring flight,
A guide divine directs their course through air,
Which trackless, pathless seems to human sight.
Will haughty man, his God's existence dare
To question rashly—evidence so fair?

Autumn! how joy attends thy coming now,
Than are attended thy approach before,
A boding gloom is clouding every brow,
No human foe hath visited our shore.
A viewless spirit taints the gale with death,
The sunny ray is poisoned by his breath.

Baffler of human skill! to mortals sent,
As a fatal herald of their Maker's wrath,
How dire, how dreadful is thy punishment,
Since youth and beauty wither in thy path—
Since genius falls before thy fearful might,
His eagle eye forever closed in night.

Thou art no lingerer in the peasant's home,
'Tis and rank at thy dread summons bow,
The pampered inmates of the pillar'd dome,
Find gems and gold but poor protection now.
Man is thy victim in the festal hour,
The proud, the humble, fed alike thy power.

Autumn, alas! ere man again shall reap
The harvest, ripened by thy wand of gold,
How many forms will in the clod-yard sleep!
How many hearts will pulseless be, and cold!
Eyes will be rayless which are flashing now,
And worms will banquet on the kingly brow.

AVON BARD.

THE PICKLE MAN.

Yes—I must confess—in fact there would be no use in denying—every body knows it—I am—I always have been—I always shall be—a *pickle* man. I have no fixed opinions, no fixed wishes, no fixed passions, no fixed prejudices, or partialities, or antipathies. I am the regular creature that men talk so lightly of, that women hate so. Nature, nature, why didst thou create me pickle? That one fault has swallowed up all my accomplishments, all my virtues. I am ingenious, affectionate, talented, well-informed, and, withal, (so people say,) rather peculiar for good appearance and interesting address. But they have a cant way of talking about me, as, "he is certainly a fine fellow, but then" (fancy the face drawn up into an expression of half pity and half contempt,) "but then he has no *stability*. He is fickle as the wind."

Well! so I am; and I must bear the consequences; and so I will, let hum-drum people with stability and fidelity, and all that, say what they please. I hate stability. Heaven formed me of fine, subtle materials, susceptible to every impression, full of fire and enthusiasm. What they call stability is *selfishness*, the want of noble and uncontrollable impulses. The existence of such persons is confined within the narrowest circle. They are like certain animals or insects. Your spider, now, is a stable, faithful, precious character. He sits all night and all day in his dark dust corner, weaving his murderous web, ignorant of all the magnificent operations around him. Suppose he had a heart to feel the glowing charms of nature, would not he oftentimes abandon his lowly task? and then the people would grieve that he had no *stability*.

As the world is, however, my disposition subjects me to many misconstructions. In business matters I am shunned by all who know me. In affairs of the heart, heaven help me, I fear I have got my reputation up for a sad fellow, but upon my soul I cannot help it. Let me give you a brief account of my last year.

I met Charlotte A——, at a jam, in —— street. She was the belle of the evening, and her beauty, wit, and animation, unmanned me quite. With what taste she dressed! Sure some *peruquier* from Paris had modelled her rich hair so ingeniously. The saucy New York fashions. What daring spirit set them? They are worthy the genius of Napoleon. Their audacious elegance appeared to me graceful as the lovely being who wore them, and what with dancing, waltzing, and eating ices, I—I—fell in love with Charlotte, and she with me.

She reminded me of those superb lines by the author of Lillian.

"She sketched—the vale, the wood, the beach
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;
She botanized—I envied each
Young blossom in her bosom fading.
She warbled Handel—it was grand,
She made the Catalani jealous—
She touched the organ—I could stand
For hours and hours and blow the bellows."

I should certainly have married Charlotte, had I not the next week met her sister. Fancy can picture no beings more unlike. The first was, I soon found out, a great tall forward girl, who had flirted with all the handsome men in town. But Laura! a rose-bud just uncurling its leaves—a dove seeking the loneliest shade—a creature so gentle and pure, that to see her and not to love her, would have been in me—not fidelity, but stupidity. Why should I *not* love her? She was every way better than her sister, both in person, mind and disposition. When I compared their dress I was compelled to make up my mind at once. Charlotte has a child's passion for finery and gewgaws. I had been dazzled by her complexion. I had looked into her eyes, and taken it for granted that the mind was as beautiful; and I had not seen that her heart was trifling and her soul low—that she had no intellect and no feeling—that she snapped at a good offer of matrimony as a codfish snaps at a baited hook—and that, in short, she was not the woman to make me happy. No Charlotte, I said to myself, thou hast deceived me; I deceived myself, I thought I loved thee, but I loved thee not. It was a spirit of my own imagination, which I conceived dwelt in thy form—to marry thee would make us both miserable. So I abandoned myself entirely to my passion for Laura. Never shall I forget the impression the first sight of her made upon me. After the easel and glitter both in the apparel and manners of her sister, how grateful to my observation was her quiet demeanor; the hair parted so simply over her forehead—her dress so proper, and obviously arranged to avoid notice. The dress of a modest woman is the thing after all, however unfashionable such an affair certainly is. I'll tell you the identical moment when I fell in love with Laura. It was one afternoon in summer on a walk. I had been rather interested in watching her actions, but never dreamed of loving her, till a casual remark was made by one of the party. It appeared strange to me; but no one noticed it. I passed my eyes deliberately over every face to detect an expression of that feeling which it had awakened in my breast. No one responded with even a glance, till I came to her. Her eyes were fixed on a flower which she held in her fingers. I observed her face. Did you ever in nature gaze on any thing more beautiful than the expression on a sweet woman's features, while she is quietly engaged in a pleasurable thought? When she looked up, my first thought was that she had precisely my own idea of what had been said. My second—that it was exceedingly strange I had seen her so often, without perceiving how superior her beauty was over that of all her companions. My third—that I wondered if any one was in love with her; and my fourth, that I was actually in love with her myself. I offered her my arm immediately. She accepted it with the sweetest of sweet smiles. By heaven! she was an angel! Her voice—the tone of a running brook was not more full of nature's own melody, and her mind——

Now what was I to do? I was positively engaged to Charlotte. But what of that? Could a contract entered into through a mistake, excuse me for swearing at the altar that I would forever *love* her? It would be a downright ——, No, I would not "lay perjury to my soul;" so I wrote her a civil note, couched in the most delicate terms, and calculated not to wound her feelings. I felt like a scoundrel when I sealed the letter. Every thing I had ever read about broken hearts came up in my memory; I thought of Mr. W. Irving's delicious bit of poetic prose, and I recollected, "she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection, and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, &c. I had not well finished my reveries, when the messenger brought her reply, which stated, "that she was extremely happy to find I had taken off her hands the trouble of breaking from a match which must eventuate unhappily." "Gracious heavens!" said I to myself, quite glad to find I was no murderer, but a little piqued, notwithstanding; "what an escape I have had!"

I was soon on such terms with Laura, that we had only to name the day. I sat one morning in my office, alone and thoughtful. "Dear Laura," said I to myself, "how happy will thy artlessness make me! Thy pure trusting innocence—thy very ignorance of the world"—(I think ignorance in a woman is becoming, it flings her so under the control of her husband,) "Laura knows nothing of the world. She cares for it so little that she has not even taken pains to acquire those accomplishments which would make her appear well in fashionable society. She does not draw—and paint and dance—and play and sing. These are allurements which lead to dissipation. Dear Laura thou art made for me."

I was interrupted by the entrance of an intimate friend. He knew me well, and I unbosomed myself to him.

"Yes, dear Tom, I am going to marry."

"And whom?"

"Dear Tom, the loveliest of her sex."

"Fiddlesticks, as you said of Mary B.—ditto, Henrietta L.—ditto, Anna V.—ditto, ——"

"But Tom, these feelings were but the ebullitions of a boyish fancy; they were bubbles which broke—dreams—all nonsense: but now, I am not only in love, but actually engaged—engaged; and I am this very morning waiting to receive from her, sole object of my everlasting love, a letter, naming the day that is to make us happy—and, by Jupiter, here it is!"

A boy entered, and handed me the letter. It was the first I had ever received from her. I kissed it—sealed it to my bosom—kissed it again, then opened it, and read—

"MY DEAR W.—I am now thine forever and ever—so shall not make no bones of saying that next Tuesday night two weeks shall be the period of our union.—LAURA."

I put up the letter. I recollected that moment that I had been told something of her sickness in early life, and backwardness in education. My friend wished me joy, and as soon as he had gone, I answered the letter, saying, that some inexplicable accidents in my pecuniary matters had reduced me so far as to render matrimony out of the question. She never replied to the letter. These are a few of the disadvantages we fickle men feel.

I am ashamed to confess how little pain I suffered from this disappointment. I foreswore all womankind, however, as I had done several times before, and resolved to apply myself to mathematics, so I shut myself up in my study, resolved to admit no one, and to spend all my leisure moments there alone. I had just moved into the house. Some one tapped at the door—heavens, what a lovely creature! fresh as a full blown rose. She curtesied, blushed, and spoke very prettily to tell me her master had sent her to know whether "I wanted any thing." "By Jove," said I as I closed the door, "Is it possible I am in love again?" W. M. B.

ETCHINGS FROM IRISH LIFE.

PAUL DOHERTY.

"In that beautiful city called Cork," there dwelt, some twenty years ago, a snuff and tobacco manufacturer, named Paul Doherty, who had lately turned to that trade, having become too advanced in life to follow his former profession of "teacher of dancing and all other kinds of music," wherein he had acquired a good store of celebrity. He was a plain, homely man, rather large in his person, very oddly dressed, and so wedded to old times and old habits, that it was impossible to get him to "look like a christian," as poor Mistress Doherty used to say—rest her soul in glory!—when she would wish him to lay aside his bushed wig, his old ruffles, and his three cornered hat, all of which contributed, in no small degree, to the grotesqueness of his appearance. But these little oddities had pleasing associations for Mr. Doherty's recollections, as he put them on religiously every day, and seated himself after breakfast on the pipe chest, facing his shop door, humming "Nora Creena," in a pleasing, drone-like under-growl, while he kept time with his heels swinging against the side of the chest, as they hung down, but did not reach the flags of the shop floor. Mrs. Doherty, good soul, minded the shop, scolded the kitchen wench, abused the cow-boy, mended the stockings—and, in short, did every thing she could to please Mr. Doherty, who scarcely minded any thing but his corns when the customers came in. One forenoon, as Paul was seated on his favorite chest, and Mrs. Doherty was washing up the breakfast tackle in a little "*glory hole*" off the shop, a tall, fashionable, elderly gentleman came in, and asked to see Mr. Doherty. "Well, Sur," says Paul, stopping short his tune of Nora Creena with a sudden grunt, as he turned his head sideways, and cocked his eye at the new customer—"and so you want to see Mr. Doherty, Sur?" "Yes," was the reply. "Id's like you don't know him?" continued Paul. "I have not that pleasure yet," replied the stranger. "Pleasure! any now! pleasure, achwilth! sure isn't it myself you're speaking to, all the time?" "Are you Mr. Doherty; then?" "Faiks, an sure I am, barin I was changed at nurse." "I'm very happy to see you, Mr. Doherty—my name is Beamton—I live on the Parade."

Paul—I'm proud of it: it's often I hear'd tell of you; and I know you're come of mighty grand people intirely; but may I be so bowld as to ax you what business you have wid your humble sarvint?

Mr. Beamton—Business? oh, none in the world. I have only come to pay my respects to you. I am under many compliments to a son of yours whom I met in Paris.

Paul—You did not, indeed, Sur—'tis impossible; he is in France at present.

Mr. Beamton—Well, well, it makes no difference—it's all the same.

Paul—How the puck could it be the same, Sur? Faith, I beg your pardon; you're quite mistaken; haven't I Tom's jog-graphy, and isn't Paris at the foot of the Kinneary Islands, at the back of the Gulf of Mexico, while France is a small village in the Island of Mediterraneau, in the sea of Marimachi, in South America? Ou, wow! may be I can't tell their attitudes, afther travillin all the way from Brustil to Watherfurd.

Mr. Beamton—Well, we won't fall out about that; but at all events, have you not a son named Tom?

Paul—By my faith I have; that's his name surely.

Mr. Beamton—Well, I met him abroad, where he saved my life, and was so kind and attentive to me that I wish to return the compliment to you in any way that hes in my power.

Paul—And so you saw Tom, Sur, abroad?—(aside) Arrah, Betty, throw by them *kimmeens* and come spake to the jontleman; sure he seen Tom abroad. Is Tom as fat as he was when he went, Sur?

Mr. Beamton—I don't know. I did not see him before; but he looks remarkably well at present.

Paul—I'll be bound Tom was axing you a good deal about the craft of potatoes that he finished before he wint?

Mr. Beamton—I can't say he was; it was as my physician that he attended me.

Paul—Tom's a clever fellow, Sur; he'd pick up any thin. Here, Betty, dust that chair, and let the jontleman sit down. Sit down, Sur—sit down; and so Tom's getting lusty, Sur? Do you think he'll fall into flesh? He takes after the mother's side.

Mr. Beamton—Excuse me for not sitting down—my time is limited. I should be delighted to tell you all about your son, and will be able to give you a good deal of pleasing news of him, if you will do me the favor of dining with me to-day.

Paul—Troth, Sur, an to be plain with you, I'd rather dine at home.

Mr. Beamton—Oh, Mr. Doherty, you shall make yourself quite at home with me. 'Pon my honor you shall—you must come.

Paul—What time do you dine, Sur?

Mr. Beamton—At six o'clock.

Paul—Oh, I couldn't go, Sur. I'd never howld out till that. I never get my dinner later than two o'clock. Blur an ouns, sure a man ought to be going to bed at six. Was it from Tom you larned such outlandish hours? By gor, when he was at home he wouldn't be done his breakfast till he'd be goin to bed, though he used to begin it when he'd got up; he commonly made but the one meal in the day, but it lasted from morning to night.

Mr. Beamton—Indeed, Mr. Doherty, I'll take no excuse; you must come to dine at six.

Paul—Arrah, Betty, do you hear this?

Betty—Go, Paul, avick; it may sarve Tom.

Paul—Faiks, an may be so. Well, Sur, as you won't be put off, I'll go and and dine with you at six.

Mr. Beamton—Well, good by. I shall expect you punctually—farewell.

And here Mr. Beamton made his bow and withdrew; but as the subsequent part of our narration cannot be given in the third person, we must leave it to Mr. Doherty himself to describe the entertainments of the evening. We have taken some pains to give his own words *verbatim*, which are as follows:

"Whin Squire Beamton left the shop, by gor I wint an brushed up my duds, an blackened my pumps, an put on my buckles—but the minit two o'clock kem, I thought the guts would fall out of me with the hunger; howsomedeavour, sis I, 'I'll bear every thing for Tom's sake,' so I passed it over as well as I could, and thought every hour a day long till it was near six an time for me to be off, for I had a mile of ground to walk to the parade. So I took my cane and my gloves, and I sauntered along very leisurely till I kem to the Parade, as I had the number of the door reckoned upon my fingers, I know I could make no mistake, and whin I counted the steps I looked up, and divil a finer house and place ever I had my two lookin eyes upon than Square Beamton's, with a hall-door big enough for a bishop, and the full of your fist of a brass rapper on it, not to talk of a beautiful brass plate with an illigant big B, and an E after it, an thin an A, and thin an M, makin B, E, A, M, Beam—'right, by gor,' sis I, 'this is the place,' an I lifted up the big brass rapper, and gave a pound that would drive a twenty penny nail in to the hilt. Presently the door was opened mighty smart, an a jontleman with a green coat, and powdered head, and bunches of goold strings from his shoulders—a red breeches and white stockings, axed myself very snappishly intirely, "did I main to knock down the house?" "No, sur, in troth, thin," sis I, "it isn't myself wid hurt a hair of its head." "Thin what do you want?" sis he, mighty crass intirely. "Why thin, in troth," sis I, "it's Misther Beamton I want," sis I. "You can't see him," sis he, slappin the door in my face. "Blur an turf," sis I to myself, "isn't this mighty decent treatment?" Well, after waitin awhile, sis I to myself, I'll try again for Tom's sake, not to talk of the starvation that's in my stomach this minit on account of keepin my appetite for the jontleman's dinner that he promised to give; so I gave another rap; an the same jontlemen opened the door again an looked mighty wicked; but afore he had time to say a word—"I ax your Reverence's pardon, sir," sis I, "but isn't Mr. Beamton at home, an sure axed me to dine with him, an this is quare treatment." "What is your name?" sis he, mighty polite; 'Paul Doherty, sur,' sis I, takin off my hat an showin him my manners. 'I beg your pardon, sir,' sis he; 'come in of you plaise,' and so he bowed and scraped twice as low as I did, showing me the way in, all the time. Whin he shut the door—'will you show me your hat, sir?' sis he, mighty polite. 'Indeed, an I will, an welcome, sur,' sis I, 'it was made by Beahan in Patrick-street, an cost but fifteen shillings,—a very dacent man if you want to buy one.' 'Oh, I don't mean that, sir,' says he, 'be plaised to give me your hat.' 'Give it you?' says I; 'oh, by gor that's too bad! would you have me go home in the night air without a hat?' 'Oh, no, sir,' says he; 'you mistake me; I only want to put by your hat for you till you are going home.' 'The divil trust you,' sis I; 'what wid make me give you my hat at all at all; can't I take care of it myself?' 'Oh, sir,' sis he, thrusting out his hand for it, 'every jontleman that dines here gives me his hat to take care of.' Well, you see, the fellow was so persuasive, that there was no getting over it, so sis I, 'oh, very well, please your reverence, put it by in a clain place,' sis I, an he took it an put it by. 'I'd thank you for your cane,' sis another jontleman to me, as we passed him by. 'What for?' sis I. 'To put by for you, sir,' says he, 'as we do for every other jontleman. 'Oh! very well,' sis I, handin him the cane, like an omadhaun of a fool as I was. 'I'll take care of your gloves, sir,' says a third, catching them by the fingers. 'Blur an ouns,' says I, 'can't I put them in my pocket?' 'Oh no, sir,' says he, that's not the way in this house.' 'Well, here, take them—I must bear it all for your sake, Tom,' sis I again to myself, as I foltied the first jontleman, who beckoned me after him, up stairs, upon a green carpet that you wudn't hear the thread of his fut on. So up I climbed, quite close to him, till we got to the top, and he steps over to the door and flings it open, crying out at the top of his voice, 'Mr. Doherty, sir!' 'What the divil do you want wid im?" sis I, in a voice as loud as his: 'didn't you know well enough that I was just at your heels?' But he never minded me, only stepped into the room another step or two, and roars out 'Mr. Doherty!' twice as loud. 'Och, then, sweet, bad luck to your impudence,' sis I, 'you thevin rascal; is it for this you made me leave my stick below, afeard I'd give you the length and breadth of it—don't you see me here, you jackeen?' sis I, threatenen my fist at him; but he was only laughin at me when out come Squire Beamton. 'You're heartily welcome, sir,' says he, 'I hope nothing is the matter with you.' 'Thank you, sir,' sis I, 'not much, only the liberty that jontleman takes with my name;' but he only laughed, and tuck me under the arm, and brought me in for-ninst a whole parcel of ladies, who were stuffing their prasheens down their throats to smother the laughin the minit they saw myself; 'Sarvint gantlemen,' sis I, in real quality term, bowing down to the ground. 'This is Measther Doherty,' sis his honor, takin me by the hand and bowin agin along wid me. 'God save all here,' sis I, not forgettin my manners, to give the third and last bow—but the quality only nodded at myself, which I thought mighty unpolite. Och, in truth, sis I to myself, the craturs are not to be blamed whin they tuck lessons from the renowned and celebrated Paul Doherty, teacher of dancin and all other kinds of music. So the Squire made me sit down, and it was then, to be sure, that I admired the beautiful picthurs, and the tea-pots full of flowers, and the carpets—but divil a sign of the dinner myself saw, though I thought the very guts would drop out of me with the hunger. 'Oh, Tom, Tom,' sis I to myself, 'isn't this purty threatenin! I'm bearin for your sake?' But there was no use in complainin, and I turned to look at the beautiful windee-curtain, at the top of which two sarpints were peepin out for minst one another, ready to pounce down upon us, when I hears the same fellow that brought me up stairs, roar out 'dinner on the table,' and upon lookin about, the divil a sign of a wall was there but what had been whipt away by enchantment, and there stood the dinner on the white table cloth as beautiful as a corpse at a wake. All the ladies and gentlemen present stood up, and, by coorse, so did myself. 'Mr. Doherty,' sis the Squire. 'Sir,' sis I. 'Will you take Mrs. Beamton's hand?' sis he. 'What call have I to her hand, sir?' sis I; 'can't you that's her husband and has the best right to take it, sir?' sis I. 'Do, sir, if you plase,' sis he, 'for we are only going to dinner; I only ask you to lead her to her chair.' 'Deaf, faith,' sis I, 'barin to oblige you for a short time, it would be contrary to my religion to do the likes wid any man's wife, and my own alive;' but they all fell a laughing as I tuck Mrs. Beamton and led her to the table. When every one was taken places, 'Mr. Doherty,' sis the Squire, 'will you sit beside me?' 'Faith I will, sir,' sis I. 'What shall I have to put to?' sis he. 'Some of that pork, sir,' sis I. 'It's not pork,' sis he; 'it's ham.' 'Well, ham's pork,' sis I; for by gor, I didn't like them to have all the laugh to themselves. 'You're right,' sis he, sending me a plate full of a well bolstered on cabbage, and faiks I stuck in it like a hungry hawk. 'Mr. Doherty,' sis the Squire—'Sir,' sis I, laying down my knife and fork on my plate, an lookin at his honor—'I hope you're helped to your liking,' sis he. 'Mighty well, I tha—' but the divil a plate I had, for the theevin villains, in the red breeches behind the chairs, had stolen away my plate while I was talking to his honor. 'Oh, murther, murther,' sis I to myself, 'isn't this fine treatment I'm suffering for your sake, Tom?' But before I could say another word, a black-faced fellow of them claps a dish of chopped nettles before me, and seeing I could do no better, I began bolting it into me, when he runs back and whips it up, saying, 'Oh, by your leave, sir, the mistress wants some spinich,' and off he scampered with it. 'Mr. Doherty,' sis the Squire again—'Sir,' sis I—'The mistress is lookin at you, sis he. 'She's welcome, sir,' sis I. 'She's looking at you,' sis he, laying his hand on the decanter. 'Blur-an-ouns, sir,' sis I, 'what's aniss wid me?' looking at my clothes to see if all my buttons war fast. 'Oh, she only wants to take wine with you,' sis he. 'Thank you and her, sir,' sis I. 'Your health, sir,' sis she. 'God bless your own purty countenance, madam, sis I, but bad luck to the more than a thimble full the stingy fellow was after given her in her glass. 'Blur-an-ouns,' sis I, to myself, 'he helps her as he likes her, may be;' and I pitied the crathur. So I was determined to watch my opportunity, an whin I thought he wasn't looking, I nodded to her, and pointed to the decanter, lifting my glass at the same time, which she understood, for she smiled and helped herself, but she was so much afeard of him that divil a more than a tooth-ful she put in it, in spite of all the nods and winks, and pointing to my full glass, that I could throw at her. 'Tundther and turf!' sis I to myself, (thinking of *Betty* at the same time,) 'hasn't he her under mighty great cow intirely?' And while all this was going on, the sorrow skreed the fellows behind the chairs left on the table but what they had whipped away with them. 'Oh, ye villains,' sis I in my teeth, finding I was put off without a mouthful of dinner—'oh, ye villains, if I had you in my tobacco press, may be I wouldn't give yees a squeeze would take the conceit out of yees.' But there was no use in talking; up they came as impident as ever, and placed forninst each of us a great glass bowl half-full of water, and a towel beside it; and myself, not knowing what they meant at all at all, was watching to see what every one else would do, when the Squire says to me, 'Mr. Doherty'—'Sir,' sis I—'Make use of that water,' says he, 'tall we get the claret.' 'Yes, sir,' sis I, takin up the bowl bechune my two hands and throwing myself back in the chair with my m

hunt in Powell's valley, having hunted there the year before. He was hunting along the side of the Cumberland mountain, and discovered a gap or low place in the mountain, which he ascended to the top, and thence he imagined he could see to the Ohio river. He thought, in his own mind, that it was the most beautiful country in the world. He returned to the camp, and informed his brother what he had seen; telling him that they must up and go across the mountain.—They did so, and travelled on to Scagg's creek, where the deer were so plenty that they soon loaded their seven horses with shaved skins, and he started his brother and the servant boy back with them to North Carolina. He told his brother to bring back to him as many horses as he could get, and he would have their loads ready against his return. He staid and hunted there, and never saw the face of man for eight months to a day.—He declared that he never enjoyed himself better in his life: he had three dogs that kept his camp while he was hunting; and at night he would often lie by his fire and sing every song he could think of, while the dogs would sit round him, and give as much attention as if they understood every word he was saying.

At the end of eight months, his brother and servant boy came to him, with fourteen horses. His brother informed him that when he got into North Carolina with his peltry, the Indians had fallen upon the frontiers, and that he had to go, with others, against them. Boon had the packs nearly all ready, and in a day or two they loaded the horses, and started for home.

They travelled the first day, and until about 10 o'clock the next day, when he saw four Indians, with as many horses, loaded with beaver fur. They were crossing each other; and seeing plainly that they must meet, he cautioned his brother and the servant boy not to let the Indians have their guns out of their hands; for they would be sure to make an attempt to get them, under the pretence of wanting to examine them. The Indians endeavored to get their guns, but they would not let them get possession of them. The Indians then went round Boon's horses and, drove them off with their own. Boon said he looked hard after them awhile, and then (not thinking it prudent to attack four men on their guard with but one man and a boy to back him) he put off for home. They went on that day, and until nine or ten o'clock of the next; he then observed to his brother and the boy that if they would stick to him, he would turn about and follow the Indians even to their towns but he would have his skins and horses back. They agreed to it, and immediately pursued hard after them, and came in sight of them the fourth day. "Now," said Boon, "we must trail them on, until they stop to eat.

The Indians at length halted, hoppled their horses, cooked and ate; Boon and his companions watching them all the while.—He well knew that having eaten they would all lie down to sleep except one. They did so; and the one who was on guard set on a log at the head of the others, and Boon and his boys had to creep on all fours for a hundred yards, to get near enough to shoot.—Boon then told his brother that he would take for his own mark the one on the log,—that he (the brother) must aim at the one on the right, and the boy at the one on the left; and that when he gave the signal they must fire, and keep loading and shooting, making as much noise and using as many different tones as they could. They fired, and he *tilted his man over the log*, but the others bore him off. The Indians fled, and they followed for three quarters of a mile, shooting and yelling; then came back, gathered their own horses and those of the Indians, put on their packs and the packs of beaver fur, and drove them safe to his own house, in North Carolina.—The above is just as he told it to me himself."

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

ANY GIVEN NUMBER.

Oysters, quoth Patrick, are a dear delight,
As he and Sawney finish'd their *tenth* score;
For they don't satisfy the appetite—
The more I eat, I still desire the more.
Troth, replied Sawney, they are a dainty food,
They do not clog the stomach or incumber;
For my own part, I really think I could
At any time eat any *given* number.

At the Salop Assizes last week, a witness was called by a prisoner to speak to his character "What do you know of the prisoner?" said the Court.—"Only this," said the witness, "that if there is any mischief done in the parish, he is sure to be the first suspected of having committed it." This was a settler.—*Examiner.*

A musical amateur in France has challenged all the whistlers of Europe to produce as much noise with one instrument as he can make with his mouth. It is said that he is coming to England, where he has been engaged by the director of the French Theatre.—*Le Creole.*

Curious Invention.—There is a curious clock now to be seen in London, which has none of the ordinary mechanism of springs or pulleys; but the hands are propelled by the gradual descent of a heavy cylindrical body down an inclined plane. Contrary to the received opinion, that the fall of bodies down inclined planes is accelerated in the ratio of their progress, this body, by its extreme weight, counteracts that principle, and makes a regular progress down the plane in eight days, the time the clock goes. We are informed that the invention is a native of Belgium.—*London paper.*

Singular Fancy of a Dog.—An anecdote, which has been confirmed on the best authority, was mentioned at Union Hall on Friday: it related to a dog which for nine years has been a constant attender at all the fires in the metropolis. He is known to all the firemen of London; and let a fire occur at any hour of the day or night, he is sure to be in the thick of the throng, and a constant attendant on the engines. He claims no particular master, but the moment an alarm of fire is given, runs off, as if by instinct, to the scene of bustle. He is also a constant attendant at the anniversary dinner of the firemen, whom he follows in their processions, and partakes with a hearty appetite of the good things which are given to him. He is known by the name of Tyke.—*London paper.*

Mr. Tom Cooke, the composer, had two sons, one a midshipman, the other a horn player. The former once taunted the latter with his superiority, as being in his Majesty's service. "Hold your tongue," said Cooke, "I've brought you both up to *wind instruments* —he to a horn and you to a ship."

The press is the miracle of civilization in the hands of some and a scourge of society in the hands of others.—What is a toast? A pretext for getting drunk. Of all wild animals a tyrant is the most mischievous, and of all tame ones a flatterer.

Gross Superstition.—A charge of assault was preferred at Union Hall, by a young woman against an old one, in the course of which the former charged the defendant with "putting a spell" upon her, so that she could not venture to take up any thing in the "crockery line," without letting it fall out of her hands, and smashing it to pieces. The old woman declared that she knew nothing about witchcraft, and had no hand in "putting a spell" on her accuser, who was never "quiet," except when she was scolding her, or calling her out of her mind. The complainant said that the old woman had, by her acquaintance with a certain "clubfooted gentleman," put a spell upon a man that was now lying on the "flat of his back" bedridden, and there he would lie until she thought proper to take the spell off. She rattles marbles in a tea-pot at my door in the middle of the night, and fetches the rats alive out of the cellar at night by the *tails*, and lets them loose on me, and, moreover, she is a killer of cats. Mr. Chambers said that he should listen to no more of their nonsense. If the complainant and defendant had been alive 150 years ago, one would have been ducked for a scold, and the other have been burnt for a witch.

Seduction and Suicide.—An inquisition was, on Saturday, taken at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, before Mr. Payne, the City Coroner, and a most respectable Jury, touching the death of Sarah Sheffield, a fine young woman, eighteen years of age, who terminated her existence by poison. The young woman, who was much esteemed, was the daughter of Mr. James Sheffield. About two months ago, Henry Sheffield; a young man, who is first cousin to the deceased, became most assiduous in his attention to her, and at length prevailed upon her, under a promise of marriage, to elope. After living together for a short time, at No. 6, Great Arthur street, Goswell street, the young woman pressed him to make her his wife. On his refusal to do so, she seized a knife, with which she made a desperate attempt to cut her throat, and it was with difficulty that it was wrested from her. The distracted state of the unhappy girl's mind, however, failed in making the least impression upon the obdurate heart of her relative, who threatened to abandon his victim; and, to add to her distress and misery, her friends having heard that she was living in an improper way, turned their backs upon her, and her father refused again to shelter her. Under these circumstances, she procured on Thursday last, an ounce of oxalic acid, which she mixed in some water, and swallowed the deadly draught in the presence of her lover. She began to vomit, when Mr. Williams, surgeon, of Aldersgate street, was sent for. She told him what she had taken, and that she wished to die. Sheffield, who was present, evinced much apathy as to the fate of his victim. Mr. Williams noticed this, and asked why he did not assist his unfortunate wife? The deceased, on hearing this, faintly exclaimed, "I'm no wife of his; he has ruined me, and caused my father to close his door on me!" Sheffield did not seem affected by the dying exclamation of the young woman; but calmly taking up his hat, walked out of the apartment. After some antidotes had been administered, the deceased was conveyed to the hospital, where she expired in great agony on the following morning. The Coroner having censured, in the most unmeasured terms, the unfeeling conduct of Sheffield, the Jury returned the following verdict. "That the deceased took poison in a state of insanity, produced by the bad conduct of Henry Sheffield."—*London paper.*

The *Gazette of Madrid* computes Ferdinand VII. to Titus. In fact, when this benevolent Prince passes a day without causing one of his subjects to be hanged or shot, he exclaims, like the Roman Prince, "I've lost a day."

The gas which lights London is calculated to consume 36,000 chaldrons of coal per annum; 65,000 lamps in shops, houses, &c., and 7,500 street lamps. In 1822, the gas pipes in and around London were above 1,000 miles in length. Gas lights of half an inch in diameter supply a light equal to 20 candles; of one inch in diameter equal to 100; two inches, 420; three inches to 1,000.

Original Dialogue.—"Arah, Teddy, an' wasn't yer name Teddy O'Byrne, before ye left ould Ireland?" "Sure it was, my darlint." "But, my jewel, why then do ye add the *a*, and call it Teddy *O'Byrne*, now?" "Why, ye spalpeen! hav'n't I been *married* since I kem to Amerikey? and are ye so ignorant of *grammatica*, that ye don't know when one thing is added to another, it becomes *plural*?"—*Angelica Repub.*

Evening Post.

Saturday, Oct. 13th.

Terms of this paper $2 per annum, in advance.—Six months' Subscription $1 25.—No subscription taken for a shorter period than six months, nor discontinued while any arrearages are unpaid, unless at the option of the publisher.

Insolvent List.

The following persons have applied for the benefit of the several acts of Insolvency, and will be heard at the County Court House, corner of Sixth and Chesnut streets, on Monday, 15th instant, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

N. Cassens Nanetede, physician, 185 Pine street.
John Burson, commission merchant, 171 south 2d st.
William Severn, victualler, 8th street near Callowhill.
John Ewing, late grocer, 152 Dilwyn street, N. L.
Abraham Hein, laborer, near Germantown.
Joseph Spencer, laborer, (colored.)
Jos. Lemon, late bottler, &c. 9th street below Race.
Humphrey Hunt, south 7th street below Pine, cabinet maker.
Mathew Tramble.
Benjamin Burr, innkeeper, Cherry street above Sixth.
George Wiisel, George st. near Schuylkill 7th, cedar cooper.
Edmond N. Gray, No. 9 Sugar alley, book binder.
Benjamin Miller, No. 55 Currant alley, coachman.
Bernard W. Normagel, No. 14 Vine street, currier.
William Lester, Brockley township, Philad. county, house carpenter.
James Noble, Julian street near Green, copper smith.
William Rutter, back of 133 N. 3d st. book binder.
David Murray, Northern Liberties, late innkeeper.
William Adams, Blockley, Philad. co. house carpenter.
John K. Wiley, corner 10th and Race, cordwainer.
John Speer, No. 4 Crown street, printer.
William Durham, corner 6th and Christian street, late oyster cellar keeper.
Ulysses Franks, 13th st. above Callowhill, victualler.
James Darrow, No. 57 Catharine st. late innkeeper.
Thos. Bellingham, 127 south 2d st. late dry good store keeper.
William Sailor, Wood street near 10th, laborer.
Conrad Pfaff, Catharine st. above Front, cordwainer.
Abraham A. Erickson, No. 5 Hoffman's alley, ouach lace weaver.
Levi K. Dorer, county of Philadelphia, farmer.
George Bond, corner 3d and Coates st. accountant.
George Miller, Broad street near South, laborer.
William M'Bride, 5th street near South, ostler.
John Pyce, No. 3 Smith's Court, blacksmith.
Francis Dutner, No. 204 Race street, cabinet maker.
Jesse Brown, 12th street below South, laborer.
Wm. B. Milner, No. 10 Hackles court, accountant.
James Collins, George street near Plumb, manufacturer of hemp.
Mathew Magill, county of Philadelphia, bleecher.
John Wyatt, Laurel st. N. Liberties, blacksmith.
Charles A. Roberts, No. 405 north 4th st. carpenter.
Conrad Siples, No. 141 south 11th st. cordwainer.
Ezra C. Leeds, late of No. 212 Vine st. tailor.
Enos Rogus, No. 17 Franklin place, cordwainer.
William Perine, No. 26 Duke st. N. L. brush maker.
David Jones, No. 2 Colladays court, wheelwright.
William Ault, Broad street near Vine, laborer.
Amos Baker, 65 N. Front st. boarding house keeper.
Bowers Roark, Schuylkill 7th near Race, late carter.
Andrew Brown, Juniper street near Vine, laborer.
Charles Morton, Catharine st. near Front, blacksmith
Michael Carroll, corner 6th and Shippen st. laborer.
Eli Edwards, No. 27 Coates alley, house carpenter.
John Wells, Atkinson court, laborer.
Joseph M. Hopper, No. 2 Conrad's court, watchmaker.
Isaac Wisham, No. 122 north 2d street, cordwainer.
James Watson, corner 13th and Montgomery street, late innkeeper.
Jonathan Dickinson, falls of Schuylkill, county Phila. stone mason.
William Mackey, 7th st. near Shippen, carpet weaver.
James Middleton, No. 5 Cressons alley, carpenter.
James Cooper, Beach st. Kensington, cotton spinner.
Francis A. Vache, Paschall's alley, gun smith.
Francis Johnson, No. 154 Pine street, musician.
Jacob M'Brine, Christian street above 5th, carter.
Mark O. Francis, Spruce st. near 3d, laborer.
Petrus J. O'Conway, 12th st. above Chesnut, watch maker.
Wm. E. Donford, Laurel st. near Budd, N. L., whip thong maker.
Lewis H. Frower, No. 4 Boyle's court, cordwainer.
Isaac Davis, Penn township, late store keeper.
Samuel Canon, No. 146 south 11th street, trader.
Samuel Field, Randall's court, tailor.
Henry Washington, 12th and Shippen st. M. D.
Marmaduke Myers, No. 5 Little Dock st. laborer.
Benjamin Anderson, No. 28 Prosperous alley, laborer.
Henry Connor, Schuylkill 2d above Spruce st. laborer.
Buddell Toy, No. 126 Locust st. bricklayer.
John Savage, formerly of Jamaica, now 70 S. 6th st. gentleman.
Enoch Roberts, corner Noble and John st. artist.
Charles Thum, county of Philad. late watchmaker.
Charles Robason, city of Philad. Bonsall st. laborer.
Elijah Stafford, Poplar lane near Front st. house carpenter.
Armour Brockelbank, 3d st. between Vine and Callowhill, trader.
Thomas J. Lloyd, No. 92 north 7th st. merchant.
Wm. A. Patrick, S. E. corner Market and 11th sts. accountant.
Sprogel O'Dore, Callowhill st. near Ridge road, wheelwright.
John Sevill, Cherry st. near 9th, house carpenter.
Daniel Ferrel, Shrader's Court, N. L. carpenter.
Devenport Marot, Spring Garden, county of Philad turner.
Jacob Eddis, N. Liberties, laborer.
Jacob Wagner, N. Liberties, gunsmith.
William Rogers, Frankford, laborer.
Joseph Furrer, South st. near 10th, laborer.
William Jones, Frankford, laborer.
Jacob Faunce, Frankford, laborer.
Jonas Hastings, No. 221 Chesnut street, merchant.
Nemiah Colhoun, No. 600 north 3d st. carpenter.
Thomas Jeffries, N. Liberties, carter.
Charles L. Schmidt, N. Liberties, cordwainer.
Jacob Wallon, city of Philad. baker.
Patrick Rogers, Kensington, carter.
Jacob Kline, Kensington, laborer.
Edward M'Castin, Germantown road, weaver.
James M'Mullen, N. Liberties, cordwainer.
Nicholas Dudley, corner 2d and Mary sts. tailor.
John H. Smith, No. 17 Cresson's alley, tailor.
Conrad Keil, Northern Liberties, laborer.
Alexander M'Donald, N. Liberties, watch maker.
David Steel, N. Liberties, oak cooper.
John Johnson, N. Liberties, laborer.
Alexander Crouse, N. Liberties, laborer.
Alexander Laws, county of Philad. laborer.
Lewis Wolf, No. 229 north 2d st. shoe dealer.
Abner Witcraft, No. 229 St. John st. watchman.
Charles Baker, Kensington, fisherman.
Patrick Galagy, Penn township, quarryman.
Hermann Bokum, 7th street above Walnut, teacher.
Lewis Wilson, Mary st. between 7th and 8th, waiter.
John Gillan, No. 78 Spruce street, cordwainer.
David M'Lean, No. 298 south 7th street, innkeeper.
Mordecai Stokes, No. 256 south 3d street, tailor.
Thomas Taylor, Sch'll 8th above Wood street, carter.
Thomas Koen, Kensington, tanner.
Samuel Selby, county of Philad. late carter.
John Stowman, N. Liberties, late ladies' shoemaker.
James Graham, Lombard above 8th, laborer.
George W. Scansbury, city of Philad. plasterer.
Henry Crigamire, Jones alley, brickmaker.
James Karcher, N. Liberties, victualler.
Overton Howard, Howard's court, city of Phil. laborer
John Hoffner, Moyamensing township, trader.
James Alibone, corner of 5th and Queen, bricklayer.
John L. Ketler, corner of Shippen and George, painter.
William Guest, Callowhill, between 2d & 3d, grinder.
David Lewis, south 2d street, carter.
William Bayas, Moyamensing, laborer.
William Young, Moyamensing, stone mason.
William Samson, south Front street, laborer.
Richard Burns, Moyamensing, plasterer.
Miles Daniels, No. 9 Wagner's court, cordwainer.
Christian Hebbe, St. John st. N. L. bookbinder.
Joseph Anthony, corner Plum and 3d st. mariner.
Thomas Penit, Elleth's alley, grate maker.
Wm. Bradley, 6th street, near Catharine, taylor.
Moses Quenly, No. 18 Gray's alley, carpenter.
Daniel Gallen, Carpenter street, weaver.
James Ware, Moyamensing, brickmaker.
John Shepherd, Green street near 8th, laborer.
Henry Wills, Northern Liberties, laborer.
Richard Hopkins, Kensington, machine maker.
Jeremiah Patterson, Kensington, cordwainer.
Thomas Whitaker, Kensington, blacksmith.
Wm. B. Slater, Kensington, shipwright.
Frederick Brothers, Kensington, laborer.
Seamans Weatherly, Kensington, victualler.
Michael Delauney, county Philad. cordwainer.
Thomas North, Schuylkill Front near Spruce, dyer.
James H. Edmonds, county of Philad. chemist.
Richard Dougherty, Chew's court, Southwark, house carpenter.
Wm. H. Price, city of Philad. manufacturer.
John G. Mentzer, county of Philad. late innkeeper.
Joseph Brown, 106 Christian st. Southwark, stevedore and laborer.
Jacob Saunaire, Master st. between 2d and Front, late of Germantown, near Black Horse lane, brickmaker.
Moses Tittle, 6th st. Southwark, hunt and shoemaker.
Abraham Williamson, 2d below Plumb, Southwark, bricklayer.
John R. Lanaway, Quince st. between Spruce and Pine, cordwainer.
Amos Fisher, Frankford, laborer.
William White, Merret's lane, between 5th and 6th streets, Southwark, weaver.
Thomas Robson, Lawrence st. Kensington, laborer.
James Arnold, back of 58 north 2d street, potter.
Samuel Lake, Marlborough st. Kensington, weaver.
William Dick, 2d above Pine street, Southwark, tailor.
John McClay, back of Plumb street, between 3d and George, Southwark, cordwainer.
John Boyd, back of Catharine street, between 2d and Front, Southwark, laborer.
Elias S. Layton, Frankford, cordwainer.
George Klotter, 10 Jones alley, late shopkeeper.
John Hooley, Water st. between Arch and Race, machine maker.
Matthew Murray, 7th st. between Shippen and Fitzwater, district of Moyamensing, weaver.
James Green, 229 Lombard st. near 8th, sexton.
William Harris, Watson's alley, late cake baker.
Ralph Welsh, Christian st. between 5th and 6th, district of Moyamensing, weaver.
Adam Painter, 26 Garden st. Penn township, oak cooper.
James McGaw, Crown street, Kensington, weaver.
Michael B. Campbell, back of Fourth, and between Walnut and Library streets, cordwainer.
George Sperry, 10 Nicholson's court, carpenter.
John O'Neil, 4 Norris' alley, tailor.
Stephen Menzemer, 68 Catharine st. Southwark, baker.
Ashbury Boon, Baker st. between 6th and 7th, and Shippen & Fitzwater, Moyamensing, plumber.
Thomas Smithurst, Front st. above Green, Northern Liberties, currier.
John Searl, 2 Nicholson's court, printer.
Gabriel P. Perier, Bath alley, between Market and Arch, and 2d and 3d streets, jeweller.
Henry Morrell, Shippen street above 11th, laborer.
George W. Smith, Queen st. below Southwark, cordwainer.
James Smith, 529 south 2d street, Southwark, sadler.
Isaac F. Ware, Buttonwood street, N. L. cordwainer.
Archibald McCorcle, Perry st. between Race & Vine, and 13th and Juniper streets, blacksmith.
Isaac Fultz, 7 Greenleaf's court, between 4th and 5th, and Market and Chesnut streets, cordwainer.
John Wheller, Drinker's court, between 2d and Front streets, bricklayer.
Anthony Bastian, 257 Lombard street, paper stainer.
Jacob Jarret, Carter's alley, cabinet maker.
James A. Baker, Front st. below Noble, N. L. stone cutter.
Samuel Johnson, Queen & 2d st. Southwark, laborer.
Jeremiah Craft, Northern Liberties, blacksmith.
Henry Winser, Burns' court near Fitzwater st. district of Moyamensing, plasterer.
William Williams, Baker street between 6th and 7th, and Shippen and Fitzwater streets, district of Moyamensing, bricklayer.
Benjamin Leland, back of Callowhill, and between 8th and 9th streets, Penn township, cordwainer.
John D. Spear, Front above Otter street, West Kensington, late innkeeper.
William Hurlock, county of Philadelphia, gentleman.
William Renton, 38 Carter's alley, hack driver.
James Green, Carpenter street, district of Moyamensing, laborer.
George Fowler, 4 Truxton st. painter and glazier.
William Ramsey, 4th street below Poplar lane, N. L. cordwainer.
Francis Waltz, Jackson's court, between 9th and 10th streets, and Race and Vine, blacksmith.
Alexander H. Parsons, corner of 11th and Market streets, bricklayer.
George Stock, county of Philadelphia, bricklayer.
James McClarnon, 307 south 2d street, merchant.
Washington W. Wilson, Christian street, near Passyunk road, tailor.
James Croston, Springdale, weaver.
John Lloyd, jr. Mercer st. between Locust and Spruce, stone mason.
Edward W. Jones, south 5th st. Southwark, accountant.
John H. Willis, county of Philadelphia, late grocer.
Richard M. Wistar, M. D. Front street, Southwark.
Francis Beetham, 329 S. Front, Southwark, laborer.
James McGowan, Southwark, gentleman.
Dennis McCoy, Moyamensing, laborer.
Henry Brook, city of Philadelphia, gentleman.
Alexander Thomson, city of Philadelphia, weaver.
Patrick McConnegle, Southwark, carter.
John Bryner, Southwark, umbrella maker.

Dr. Spurzheim, the celebrated phrenologist, is giving a course of lectures at Boston, much to the satisfaction of the good people of that city, and his audiences increase in number at each successive lecture. The Courier says, "He is certainly a most amusing lecturer, and no man, whether he be a believer or an infidel in regard to the theory, can listen for an evening without a desire to hear more, and to become better acquainted with the philosophy of Phrenology. Dr. Spurzheim makes no use of notes or manuscript. The inaccuracies of his subject are as familiar to him as the plaster cast which stands upon his table. His illustrations always tell."

Suicide.—The Troy Budget states that Mrs. Pamelia Graves, daughter of J. Elwood, of Troy, was found in the Hudson River, drowned, on the, 23d inst. A coroner's inquest decided that "she came to her death by voluntary drowning." The deceased had been married lately. Her husband had refused or neglected to provide for her, and left her at the house of her father in Troy, while himself resided in Albany. This is the second daughter of Mr. Elwood which has met death voluntarily. The first daughter took laudanum about two years since.

Cat-alogy.—A friend has mentioned to us the following fact, which is no less true than curious in natural history. The gentleman to whom we refer, closed his house for a few weeks, during the height of the recent epidemic, and retired with his family into the country. On re-opening the house, after an absence of twenty-five days, it was discovered that a favorite cat had been accidentally shut up in the parlor. It is a new house, perfectly tight and rat-proof. There was no food of any description, nor any liquid, at which puss could come, nor was it possible for rat or mouse, or any thing living, to get into the apartment. The cat, however, was living, though greatly emaciated, and is doing well.

Knocked into Novice.—Dr. Portal, in high repute as a physician, recently died in Paris. When he began business, knowing that, in a great capital like Paris, quackery answers well enough for those without talents, the Doctor determined for once to make it serve the purpose of merit. To this end he ordered his man to knock daily at all the hotels in the city, and inquire for Dr. Portal. No one, of course, knew any thing of Dr. Portal, but by frequent repetition of the name, and stunned by the noise of the knockers, people began to suspect he was some able man in his line, and for once the conjecture was right.

The Boston Transcript states that a short time since, while the militia of the city were performing their annual parade, the bells rang for an alarm of fire; many of the "citizen soldiers" also belong to the Fire Companies, and when the alarm was given, threw down their arms, and in spite of the utmost efforts of their officers to keep them in their ranks, and their loud and repeated orders to "halt" deserted en *masse*. The alarm providing to be false, the deserters speedily returned to their places, and the "rare show" went on, but we fear that their military reputation is ruined, as they have shown that they cannot "*stand fire.*"

The British Government paid a Capt. Thomas £5,000 for the freight to Quebec, of twenty-four 24 pounders, designed for a battery on the Lakes, during the last war. A contract was then made, at £900 for their transfer up to the Lakes on the ice—the contractor underlet for £800, clearing by his job of no work, £9,600. The whole expense of transporting these guns was £28,600, or $118,104. Within three days after their arrival on the Lakes, they were in the possession of the Yankees, who took without paying freight, charges, or even the original cost, and who were so rude as not to thank the British Minister for the trouble and expense he had been at in furnishing twenty-four excellent guns for their use.

The quantity of flour used for sizing in the different printeries and bleacheries attached to cotton factories, in the United States, in 1830, was seventeen thousand two hundred and forty-five barrels, which at six dollars per barrel, would amount to one hundred and three thousand four hundred and seventy dollars.

The ship Susan, Outebridge, from New York, bound to New Orleans with 1,000 casks of lime, and 900 kegs of gunpowder, was, on the 27th of June, thrown on her beam ends in a gale; the foremost was cut away, when the main and mizen-mast went by the board, and the ship righted: jury masts were rigged, and they endeavoured to make a port. The powder was thrown overboard during the gale. On the 16th of July, the ship was discovered to be on fire, from a quantity of wax having passed down the companion. The long-boat was launched, and the vessel was abandoned. Two hours had elapsed from the first discovery of the fire to its breaking out on deck. The captain and crew, in all eleven persons, much exhausted from fatigue, and exposure, arrived at North Island, having been three days and nights at sea in an open boat, the greater part of which the wind blew a gale, and remained without food and water. Two bottles of claret and part of a bottle of brandy, the whole of the liquids saved, were soon exhausted, and the provisions were all salted: thus eating them only increased their thirst. Some of the crew succeeded in saving their clothes and bedding, while others were less fortunate, and saved nothing but the clothes on their backs. The inhabitants of North Island extended to them such assistance as their necessities required.

Extraordinary Feat of Swimming.—A man by the name of Reed, from Nova Scotia, walked out of the third story of a house in Creek-square, on Sunday night, while asleep, and fell upon the pavement, without receiving any serious injury.—*Boston Atlas.*

A Monopole not to be borne.—A Yankee who was passing through a neighboring village recently in a wagon, was observed to stop very suddenly, jump out, unhitch his horse, and leaving behind him his wagon and harness, pursue his journey (to use a significant Yankeism) *horseback*. Upon being inquired of why he did so, he replied, "Why I'll be darn'd if I ride another step in that are old rattling thing, *it monopolizes every word of the conversation.*—*N. H. Spectator.*

Melancholy Shipwreck.—The schooner Elisha Whiteley, Capt. Wm. Hecox, capsized by a flaw of wind and sunk off Salem, Ohio, on Friday evening last, and eight passengers and two of the crew lost. The captain and remainder of the crew, seven in number, were taken from the wreck by Captain Perkins, of the schooner Huron, after having remained upon the top gallant yard thirteen hours, and a great portion of the time in the water. She was owned by Messrs. Joy & Webster, of this city, Hubbard & Field, of Ashtabula, and others. Cargo of salt belonging to John Booth & W. A. Otis, and of merchandize owned principally by Clark and Fisk, of Ashtabula. Neither the captain or crew are considered at fault. The names of the sufferers have not been communicated to us.—*Buffalo Jour.*

Death of Col. Brandt.—Colonel John Brandt, the celebrated chief of the Six Nations, died at Brantford, U. C. on the 27th ult. Brandt received a classical education in England, and was said to have been an accomplished gentleman. About a year or eighteen months since, he was elected a member of Parliament in Upper Canada, over a very popular man. He was a son of the celebrated chief of that name who conducted the massacre at Wyoming in Pennsylvania. He died of an attack of the Cholera.

Mammoth Steamer.—A steam vessel was launched on the 16th ult. at Elizabethtown, Pa., near Pittsburg, said to be the largest on the western waters. She has 173 feet keel, and will carry 600 tons besides engine, wood and furniture, &c. which will probably swell the tonnage to one thousand. Her cabins, when thrown together by opening the folding doors, will measure 170 feet in length. She is to be propelled by an engine of 250-horse power, and is destined to run between New Orleans and Louisville.

Charge of Libel.—John Reynolds, a clergyman of the Methodist denomination, was arraigned on Thursday in the Municipal Court, on an indictment for a libel upon William Apes, a colored man, professing to be a minister of the same church. The indictment charges the defendant with having published in the Boston Commercial Gazette, an article alleging that the said Apes was a deceiver and impostor, guilty of crimes and offences, and of buying lottery tickets and misappropriating money collected by him from religious persons for charitable purposes. Mr. Reynolds appeared and avowed himself the author of the article, and pleaded Not Guilty. The case was postponed to the next term of the Court to enable the defendant to provide for his defence.—*Boston Atlas.*

The following are the weekly interments in N. York since the 20th June—specifying the number from cholera malignant:

Week end'g July	7	191	interm's, of which 56 of cholera		
do.	do.	14	510	"	" 206 "
do.	do.	21	887	"	" 716 "
do.	do.	28	679	"	" 686 "
do.	August	4	[illegible]	"	" 383 "
do.	do.	11	461	"	" 251 "
do.	do.	18	444	"	" 222 "
do.	do.	25	391	"	" 178 "
do.	Sept.	1	334	"	" 136 "
do.	do.	8	356	"	" 101 "
do.	do.	15	291	"	" 128 "
do.	do.	23	238	"	" 74 "
do.	do.	29	180	"	" [illegible] "
do.	October	6	137	"	" [illegible] "

Total since June 20, 5,874 interments [illegible] of cholera.

Charlestown, Jefferson county, Va. Oct. 4.—Awful Mortality.—It becomes our duty this day to make a most appalling record of "deaths doings," in our neighbourhood. The desolating malady which has swept over our country, has no where been more fatal in its career than at Halltown, four miles east of this place. Since Sunday, the 23d ult. *there has been sixteen deaths by Cholera*, in a population not exceeding 300 souls. In the family of Mat. Peter, its ravages have been heart-rending. Five of his household have been cut off: his sister, Miss Elizabeth Peter, his son Thomas—and three of his servants. Seldom has it fallen to the lot of one man to drink so deeply, at a single draught of the cup of affliction. On Tuesday morning he left his beloved sister and son in their usual health, and while in Charlestown received the news of their alarming illness. Medical aid was promptly obtained, but the work of death was too surely planned. In five hours the fatal shafts were sped. And yesterday he accompanied them both to the tomb!

Mr. Daniel Alstadt, a young man of 20, was among the victims; and the others were principally workmen on the road. Several of the citizens are yet down with the disease, but are convalescent.

We question whether a similar instance of mortality, in so small a population, has yet been recorded. All the workmen on that part of the road, except 8 or 10, have fled from this favorite resting place of the Destroying Angel.

American Board of Missions.—We should have stated yesterday, in our notice of the proceedings of the Board, that the number of missionary stations under its care is 53; ordained missionaries, 68; physicians not ordained, 4; printers, 3; teachers, 17; farmers and mechanics, 30; females, married and unmarried, 125, making a total of 237 laborers in heathen lands, dependent on and under the direction of the Board. There are also 4 native preachers, 30 native assistants, 1257 schools, 50,781 scholars, and 36 churches, containing about 1800 members. The printing presses at different stations have sent forth about 14,900,000 pages of Bibles, Tracts, &c. during the year, and from the beginning of the operations of the Board, about 67,000,000 pages, in eleven different languages. Eight ordained missionaries and their wives,—one male and three female teachers and a printer,—are about to proceed to different fields of labor, in heathen lands, and five other missionaries and a printer are expected to sail in the former part of the next year.—*N. Y. J. Com.*

The Magees have it.—The Boston Directory, for 1832, gives the names of 139 Smiths, 111 Browns, 53 Williams, 76 Clarks, 65 Johnsons, 57 Whites, 67 Greens, 30 Grays, and 304 Macs running through the whole alphabet, from

McAllister to McQuaid,
McVittie and McWade.

Theft.—About three weeks since, a Mr. Wood of Big Flats, exchanged with a stranger an old horse and a new saddler for a fine horse and lent him his harness to be left at Horse Heads. But on Sunday last, another stranger called to see Mr. Wood's horse wishing as he said to purchase. The horse was shown to him when he presented an advertisement describing the horse as stolen and took him away. The thief is said to have sold the Sulkey at Batavia and gone to Ohio. The owner of the horse, from Cincinnatus, Cortland Co. N. Y. states that the thief, whose name we are unable to learn, has been married four times and has three wives living.—He had stolen another horse, saddle and bridle. He is pursued.—*Elmira N. Y. Republican.*

Distressing Accident.—On Saturday forenoon last, three Lads, viz: William Stackhouse, son of Mr. James Stackhouse; and William and Charles, sons of Mr. William Craft, Jun. all of Carlton, went in a boat through the falls for the purpose of picking up some drift wood. In passing among the breakers, between a rock and one of the Islands which form the falls, the boat filled, and drifted with the tide to the head of the falls. The boat was there met by the counter-tide coming round the head of the Island, and was upset. In this perilous situation they were seen from the shore, by Mr. Cartwright, who promptly pushed off to their assistance, but before he could reach them they sunk to the bottom. The body of William Craft was found shortly after, and that of Charles on Monday. By this stroke, the parents of the lads, and a large circle of relations were plunged in deep affliction—Their ages were 16, 13 and 10 years.—*St. John paper.*

Female Intrepidity.—During the late war, a barge from the British frigate Nimrod which was blockading our coast, came into Holmes Hole harbor, and seeing several boats endeavoring to make their escape into a pond, they landed on a neck of land and commenced firing at them. The wife of one of the boatmen on being told the circumstance, gave a young child she had in her arms to her servant girl, saying: "Here Sally, pray, pray take the child, while I go and use them devils cannonade Nathan."—*New Bedford Gazette.*

Raleigh, N. C. Oct. 5, 1832.

Review.—On Saturday last, the two regiments of the Militia of this county were reviewed at this place, by Brig Gen. Joseph Arrington, of Nash, attended by his aids, Major Phillips and Blount. After passing in review, the regiments were drawn up in a column of attack, and addressed by Major Phillips in a neat speech. After expressing the General's satisfaction at the appearance and performance of the military, he took occasion to speak of the portentous aspect of the Southern sky, filled with angry clouds, and threatening in their discharge, to deluge our happy country in blood. He expatiated on the blessings we enjoy as a yuiren People, and, in conclusion, exhorted each individual to cherish, with ardent enthusiasm, the patriotic sentiment—"The Union; it must be preserved."

It is a gratifying evidence of the healthy tone of public sentiment in North Carolina, that no gathering of the People takes place, whatever the occasion may be, at which, if addresses be made, the speakers do not avail themselves of the opportunity to impress upon the consideration of their hearers the duty of obeying the injunction of the Father of his Country, who counselled us to "frown indignantly upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate one portion of the Union from another."—*Reg.*

Outrageous.—The ship Eliza Plummer, which we noticed as being on shore at the Sandhoros, was set fire to some days since and burnt. It is presumed that the person or persons by whom it was done, took this expeditious method of getting out the balance of cargo in the hold and the copper on the bottom. A reward has been offered for the discovery of the offenders by Oliver O'Hara, British Vice Consul, and should they be discovered we trust that the law will do its office. We hope this for the sake of the community. If such offenders are permitted to pass unpunished, we shall be set down as a parcel of thieves and robbers.—*Mobile paper.*

From the Boston Atlas of Saturday.

PIRACY AND MURDER.

On Thursday evening, about 10 o'clock, Mr. Dunlap, U. S. District Attorney, received information that two sailors who arrived in this city about ten days ago, and took lodgings in Ann street, had thrown out sundry hints against each other, which, combined with the fact that each had several hundred dollars in his possession, excited fearful apprehensions that they had been engaged in some nefarious and bloody transactions. Measures were promptly taken by the District Attorney to secure their persons, and cause them to be brought before His Honor Judge Davis, yesterday morning, for examination.

Under their arrest, they gave their names as Joachim Antonio, and Joachim Silva, and stated that they arrived at this port on Sunday, the 22d of September last, in the brig Sarah Louisa, from Point Petre, Guadaloupe.

The account given by Silva to the District Attorney was as follows:—that he and his comrade were two of the crew of the Portuguese brig El Triumph, (Triumph) that sailed about two months ago from the port of Para, in Brazil, bound to the Western Islands and Lisbon—that the vessel had on board $18,000 in specie, and a valuable cargo—that there were five passengers, and two children, one white and the other black, each about 18 months old—that the passengers were a lawyer and his wife by the name of Marie, a Portuguese supercargo by the name of Justino, a black woman the mother of the black child, and a Portuguese merchant named Joachim Lawrence, the father of the white child—that about a fortnight after they sailed, the crew took forcible possession of the vessel, murdered the captain and one of the crew, and all the passengers except the two women and the white child—that they kept the two women about a

Single Copies of this Paper
May be obtained every Saturday, at the Publication Office, and at the following places:—
B. Redman's, No. 121 South Fifth street.
B. Dissier's, No. 403 South Second street.
G. W. Donohue's, 190 South Second street.
J. G. Auner's, No. 333 Market street.
G. W. Mentz & Co. 71 Race street.
Friedrich Taylor's, 384 North Second street.
Joseph Crowley, 405 Market street.
Franklin Hotel, 293 South Fourth street.
Mrs. Hauser, No. 170 South Second street.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, October 13, 1832.

To Readers and Correspondents.

A number of Enigmas, Charades, Questions, &c. are on file, for the gratification of those who take pleasure in solving mysteries.

"L. K." is on file.

As we are not acquainted with the incidents communicated by "a constant Reader," we cannot give them place without the assertion of a responsible name. Omar will meet attention.

The Bank of Wheeling, was broken open on the night of the 3d instant, and robbed of about $30,000, generally in United States paper. The doors were opened by false keys or otherwise, the iron chest that contained the paper money that was taken, was pried open by some iron bar. The robbers left in the chest a few thousand of gold, and 10 or $12000 of paper, and large handles of note paper in sheets, without notes. gone. A reward of $5000 is offered for the detection of the villains. One or two persons have been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery.

CAPE DE VERD ISLANDS.

The schooner Friendship, which arrived at Salem on Saturday last, brought intelligence that a famine prevails universally, through the whole group of the Cape De Verd Islands. The calamity is attributed to the parched state of the land, which for three years has not been visited by rains, in any quantity to make it productive. The present season for crops has passed away, while the seed which had been planted in proper time, remains in the earth without giving sign of vegetation. Most of the animals in the islands have died from starvation, and those that remain are of no service to the inhabitants, they hardly having strength sufficient to sustain the weight of their famished bodies.

It would be difficult to present to the reader, says the editor of the Essex Register, from whose paper we extract this information, an adequate idea of the horrid condition in which the inhabitants were placed when Capt. Rider sailed. At every port at which he stopped, the cries of misery existed among all classes. It was no uncommon thing to see women and children gathering from the streets old bones that had been thrown away and eagerly devouring them.

The inhabitants of Isle of May and Bonavista have the advantage of the salt trade, and they procure provisions from some vessels that stop there, particularly the whale and sealing vessels. But most of the other islands have not this small advantage. The inhabitants have been decendant so long for subsistence upon the little property they had accumulated, that they are exceedingly poor, and unable to purchase provisions. The supply they obtain from vessels is distributed gratuitously. A ship from New Bedford touched at Brava, and left a quantity of provisions that was very reasonably sent to their relief.

Several vessels had been sent to the African coast in the process of obtaining what course rice could be procured, one of them returned without being successful.

The fruits of Brava are to be met with on every side. Mr. Gardiner, acting American consul, computed that from twelve to fourteen souls perished at Port Praya daily. A gentleman who was known to have a small supply of provisions, was obliged to guard his house with his slaves to prevent the common people from entering and taking it from his table.

The inhabitants earnestly requested Captain Rider to lay their condition before the American people, as they do not expect assistance from Portugal, or any other European nation. They confidently expect aid from this country, and the parting words of the Governor General to Capt. Rider were, "For God's sake tell them to send us something."

We cannot but hope that this information will be extensively circulated, and proper means taken towards relieving those unfortunate Islanders. There are we believe from 60 to 70,000 souls on the islands, who, unless assistance be speedily rendered, must perish.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

We published in a recent paper, sketches of the life and character of a number of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, which proved generally acceptable to our readers. The list is completed by the following notices, which we condense from Goodrich's American Biography.

John Hancock, of Massachusetts, born of religious parents, and well educated; was a clerk in a counting-house, visited England to increase his stock of information, returned, and at twenty-seven came to the possession of a princely fortune. Took an active part in the Revolutionary proceedings, and in 1774, was unanimously elected president of the provincial congress of that state; the next year was made president of congress, which office he resigned in 1777, in consequence of ill health; was subsequently a member of the convention to frame a constitution for Massachusetts, and the first governor of that commonwealth; died in 1793, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

William Hooper, of North Carolina, a native of Boston, where he received a classical education; was designed for the ministry, but finding the law more congenial to his taste, removed to Wilmington, N. C. where he soon became eminent as a successful pleader; was elected to the general assembly in 1773, and to the general congress in 1774, in the business of which he took an active part; in 1786, was appointed by congress one of the judges to settle a controversy between New York and Massachusetts; died 1790, at the early age of forty-eight.

Thomas Heyward, of South Carolina, was educated in his native land and sent to England to finish his studies; was distinguished for his quickness of apprehension, fluency of speech and graceful delivery; was elected to congress in 1774, at the age of twenty-five; in 1780, while Charleston was invested by the British, was taken prisoner and sent to St. Augustine, where he was detained a year; in 1782 was elected governor of the state, which office he held until his death in 1800.

Thomas Heyward, of South Carolina, son of a planter of great wealth, and brought up to the law; completed his studies in England, and made the tour of Europe; in 1775 was elected to congress, in 1778, a judge of the criminal courts; in 1780, when Charleston was besieged, he commanded a battalion; was taken prisoner, and in his absence his property destroyed, and his slaves carried away; in 1782, was a member of a convention for forming a state constitution; died 1809, aged sixty-four.

Thomas Lynch, of South Carolina, educated in England, and designed for the bar, but preferred the profession of a planter; in 1775 was appointed captain of a provincial company, and soon after sent to congress, in the assistance of his father; his usefulness in that body was much retarded by continued ill health.

Arthur Middleton, of South Carolina, sent to England at the age of twelve, where he received a collegiate education; travelled extensively over Europe, and returned a finished scholar; in 1775, was chosen on a state committee, invested with the authority to place the colony in a state of defence, and was the next year sent to congress, where he took an active part in the proceedings of that patriotic body; in 1779, while engaged in defending the city of Charleston, was taken prisoner, and detained nearly a year; in 1782 was again sent to congress; died 1787.

Samuel Chase, of Maryland, educated, principally, by his father, a respectable clergyman, and at an early age commenced the profession of the law; was sent to congress in 1774, and soon after put on a mission to Canada, with Franklin and Carroll, to induce that country to secede from Great Britain; was appointed the presiding judge of a court of criminal jurisdiction, and afterwards chief justice of the general court of Maryland; in 1796, was appointed by Washington, an associate judge of the supreme court of the United States, which station he filled for fifteen years; in 1804 he was impeached before the Senate on six charges of transcending his judicial powers, but after a patient investigation was acquitted on the whole; he possessed an intellect of great power, and a courage which was at all times undaunted; he died 1811.

William Paca, of Maryland, educated in Philadelphia; a lawyer; a delegate to the general assembly; an active member of congress, and an early advocate of the independence of America; in 1778 was appointed chief justice of the supreme court of Maryland, afterwards chief judge of the court of appeals, and subsequently governor of the commonwealth; in 1789 was appointed by Washington, judge of the district court of the United States for Maryland; died 1799, aged sixty.

Thomas Stone, of Maryland, a descendant of William Stone, governor of Maryland, during the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell; was compelled to borrow money to obtain his education; settled on a farm near Port Tobacco; in 1774 was sent to congress, and after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, was appointed on a committee to prepare articles of confederation; retired from congress and was sent to the Maryland legislature; afterwards was re-elected to congress, and for some time was president pro tempore of that body; died 1787.

Charles Carroll, of Maryland, of Irish descent; at the age of eight years was sent to France to be educated; in 1764 returned to America an accomplished scholar, and commenced the profession of the law; in 1771, on the breaking out of the commotion between America and Great Britain, ardently espoused the cause of the colonists; was appointed a delegate to the Maryland legislature, and afterwards a representative in congress, though not until after the Declaration of Independence had been adopted; he signed that document on the 2d of August, following; in 1788 was chosen to the Senate of the United States, which office he relinquished in 1791, and soon after accepted a seat in the senate of his native state; his various public duties were discharged with zeal and faithfulness; in the time of danger over at his post, he shrank from no responsibility to which his patriotic principles exposed him; at the advanced age of ninety-six he still lives, the last of the signers of our chart of Independence, and revered and honored by all ages and classes.

Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, of an ancient and distinguished family, educated in England; in 1757, chosen to a seat in the house of burgesses, where he at first made but an indifferent figure, on account of his natural diffidence; this, however, soon vanished when the resolutions against the stamp act was before the house; he spiritedly supported Patrick Henry, and speedily became as active and energetic, as he before had been diffident and retiring; in 1774 chosen to congress, in which body he moved the resolution declaring the colonies free; was publicly thanked by congress for his patriotic labors; died 1794, aged sixty-three.

[TO BE RESUMED.]

Honorable Sentiments.—A large meeting of the French and the descendants of French, was held lately in Charleston, South Carolina, in relation to the doctrine of Nullification. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, That we fully concur in the principles of the Union, and will ever be faithful to it, and will support with all our power the Constitution of the United States, and the laws of Congress, which we have sworn to obey, when admitted to enjoy the peace and freedom of this Government; and that, in our opinion, this adhesion is the only way to render ourselves a respectable nation and independent people.

Resolved, That a Hall, called the Saloon of Concord, be opened in a central place, in order that the French adopted citizens that need information may be immediately advised.

Resolved, That all the Committees be composed of French and the descendants of French.

Resolved, That a Committee of seven be selected to draft such regulations, and appoint such a place for the meetings as they may deem proper.

Resolved, That another Committee of eleven be appointed to obtain information respecting such Frenchmen as are now citizens of the United States, and who may stand in need of advice, as well as friends, to prevent them from erring and being perverted.

Resolved, That a Committee of five be also appointed to communicate with General Lafayette, and appraise him of the distressing situation of South Carolina with the General Government."

New-York Post-Office.—It is stated that the receipts of the Post Office in this city for the year ending September 30, 1832, amounted to $144,769 27. In the whole State, $212, 018 93.

The Chesnut street theatre, on Wednesday evening, was crowded to overflowing, to witness the first appearance of Mr. Kemble, whose arrival in this city had been, for several days previous, awaited with much anxiety. He was received with a burst of applause, warm and loud, of which any actor, foreign or domestic, might well have been proud. The performance—the play of Hamlet—was, altogether, such as has not often been witnessed in this theatre. The piece was cast with the strength of the company, who gave Mr. Kemble a support, which if it did not contribute materially to his own success, certainly did to the satisfaction of the audience.

Mr. Kemble's Hamlet we would not call a finished performance, but the blemishes compared to those common to other actors in this part, were few and unimportant. His pauses, in pathetic scenes, were sometimes extended to a tiresome length, and his violence of passion in the play scene was what we scarcely expected to witness from so chaste a performer; but these defects were amply compensated for in the general superior excellence of his style. His readings, which gave evidence of a finished scholar, displayed a conception of his author not less new than perfect, and rich in ideas at once beautiful and striking. In the scene with the ghost his action was perfect; and in the closet interview with the Queen, he was earnest and severe without that sacrifice of duty and obedience, common to most performers. Throughout the play he fully satisfied the high expectation which had been raised from his reputation at home, and his brilliant success in New York. He was, in his style, chaste, energetic and graceful—uniformly correct in his readings, and in his pronunciation and action, surpassingly excellent. A repetition of this character is, we think, desirable.

Mr. Kemble's talented daughter, Miss Fanny, was announced to appear last evening, in the part of Bianca, in the tragedy of Fazio.

Dr. Bird's new tragedy of *Oralloosa or the Son of the Incas*, was produced at the Arch street theatre on Wednesday evening. Its success was not less complete than had been anticipated. The incidents, the plot and characters were in all respects interesting, and the dresses and scenery of the most attractive character. Forrest, Scott, and Miss Riddle, who performed principal characters, displayed their accustomed abilities. The tragedy will rank, for melo-dramatic effect and elevated poetry, at least equal, if not superior to the author's Gladiator. The character of Oralloosa gives full scope to Mr. Forrest's histrionic powers; his performance of the part is considered by some superior to his personation of the Gladiator.

The receipts of the house on Wednesday, were, as we are informed, nearly one thousand dollars.

Mr. Horn and Miss Hughes are expected in New York in the course of a few days. These distinguished vocalists have been on a professional, and very successful tour, through the state of Maine and the British provinces.

Master Burke is playing at the Park theatre, N. York, Miss Clara Fisher—Mr. Raymond, Miss Clifton, and Mrs. Flynn, are the attractions at the Bowery.

Mrs. Drew is now performing at Cincinnati with considerable success.

THE ELECTION.

On Tuesday last, agreeably to the laws and constitution of this commonwealth, an election was held in the city and county of Philadelphia, and in all the counties throughout the state, for governor, representatives in congress, senators and representatives in the state legislature, sheriffs, coroners, county commissioners, &c. The poll was opened in this city at 8 A. M., and closed at 10 P. M. The daily morning papers of Wednesday furnish the following results, by which it will be seen that the Anti-Jackson party have, with unimportant exceptions, succeeded in electing their whole city and county ticket.

GOVERNOR.

	Ritner.	*Wolf.*
City - - -	4957	3558
County - - -	5853	6250
	10,810	9808

FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

Sutherland	2366	Gowen	1916 | Davis 451

SECOND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

ANTI-JACKSON.		JACKSON.	
Horace Binney	5361	R. W. Richards	3396
James Harper	5101	Henry Horn	3191

THIRD CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

Watmough	1011	Barden	2258 | Lewis 812

CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

ASSEMBLY.

ANTI-JACKSON.		JACKSON.	
Abraham Miller	5365	Samuel Davis	3370
Wm. H. Keating	5230	Charles H. Kerk	3371
Wm. T. Smith	5226	J. A. Phillips	3344
Geo. W. Toland	5249	Paul S. Brown	3356
Jos. G. Clarkson	5197	A. E. Dougherty	3321
Benjamin Say	5235	Thos. S. Smith	3369
Thos. F. Leaming	5206	Theodore Evans	3351

SELECT COUNCIL.

John P. Wetherill	5132	Thomas M. Pettit	3494
Manuel Eyre	5110	W. J. Duane	3509
J. R. Ingersoll	5127	Roberts Vaux	3496
Lawrence Lewis	5089	Robert Taylor	3491
In the place of Charles Johnson, Sen., resigned,			
Dennis M'Credy	5009	Isaac Wainwright	3524

COMMON COUNCIL.

Henry Troth	5148	James Page	3476
Robert M'Mullin	5199	John M. Hood	3505
Samuel V. Merrick	5011	John Patterson	3503
John J. Borie	5099	Lewis Ryan	3527
Ephraim Haines	5127	John Moss	3521
John Maitland	5042	Peter Fritz	3465
Henry Sailor	5110	James Fearon	3479
S. P. Wetherill	5123	Joseph Murray	3496
Joseph R. Chandler	5132	Daniel Oldenburg	3501
Isaac Elliott	5129	John Horn	3481
James Gowen	4940	William E. Lehman	3515
Thos. W. Morris	5115	John T. Sullivan	3439
Dr. R. M. Huston	5097	William J. Leiper	3477
John Byerly	5103	Michael Baker	3391
Joseph Aken	5013	Henry L. Coryell	3525
David Lassley, Jr.	5120	George Fox	3490
Joseph R. Smith	5090	John Crean, Jr.	3485
Robert Toland	5143	T. C. Maberry	3463
Benj. H. Yarnall	5108	George W. Tryon	3503
John Gilder	5081	T. W. L. Freeman	3552

CITY AND COUNTY TICKET.

SHERIFF.

	City.	*County.*	*Total.*
Benjamin Duncan - -	5099	6078	11137
Thomas Hart - -	4956	3250	8306
Michael W. Ash - -	3326	5944	9270
William Ruff - -	3309	5377	8646

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

David Paul - - -	5189	6516	11705
Joseph Carr - - -	3296	5527	8823

AUDITOR.

Jesse Y. Castor - -	5105	5389	10494
John J. M'Cahen - -	3371	6649	9020

CORONER.

John Dickerson - -	3928	3967	7315
Peter Parker - -	3227	29	3256
John Dennis - -	3076	3191	6267
Lewis Rush - -	2575	952	3527
John Dubois - -	2046	2140	4186
Thomas M. Souder -	2072	2616	4688

☞ Those in italics Anti-Jackson, and elected.

COUNTY TICKET.

SENATE.

ANTI-JACKSON.		JACKSON.	
Samuel Breck	6066	Thos. J. Heston	5857

ASSEMBLY.

John Thompson	6119	F. J. Harper	6090
Benj. Matthias	6225	John M. Bockius	5877
James Hanna	6153	Dilworth Wentz	6046
Joseph Dilin	6026	John Rheiner, jr.	5997
John M. Ogden	6257	Chester Sturdevant	5314
John Wister, jr.	6110	Morton M'Michael	5275
John H. Gibbon	6246	Robert F. Groves	5277
Lyndford Ladnor	6010	Richard Peltz	5262
D. Smith - - - -			830
John Rambo - - - -			763
Wm. Mooney - - - -			716

COMMISSIONERS.—*Southwark.*

Cornelius Tiers	998	Joseph Snyder	885
Jno. Whiteman	997	Samuel Bayne	881
Thomas Sparks	995	John F. Stump	878
Jos. Hunt	984	J. W. Fiekwir	881
Thos. M'Cullough	987	Henry Elwell	874
H. Cavenaugh	963	J. McCall (1 year)	861

COMMISSIONERS.—*Northern Liberties.*

John Childs	1865	F. Stellwaggon	1546
Samuel Knen	1830	Peter Hay	1539
John Basler	1836	Edmund Shotwell	1590
Jesse Roberts	1796	Thomas Timings	1543
John Heyl	1862	Jacob Coleman	1536
Michael Brown	1819	B. E. Carpenter	1535
John G. Wolf	1829	George Thorn	1503

The returns show that the entire Anti-Jackson city ticket has succeeded by a very large majority, say about 2000 votes. Last year the Jackson candidates succeeded by an average majority of 1000. The Anti-Jackson city and county nominations for sheriff, county commissioner, auditor, coroner, have also succeeded by handsome majorities. In the county the Anti-Jackson candidate for senate, and six of the eight nominated for the house of representatives, have been elected; the Jackson men succeeded in electing two members of the assembly. In the first congressional district Dr. Sutherland has been re-elected, beating both the Jackson and Anti-Jackson candidates, by a small vote. He is believed to be opposed to the general administration. In the third congressional district Col. Watmough, the regular Anti-Jackson candidate, has been re-elected by a majority of 1000 votes, beating both his Jackson opponents by not less than 600 majority. In the city and county, at the last gubernatorial election, Mr. Wolf obtained a majority of upwards of 11,000 votes; this year Mr. Ritner has a majority of about 1000.

The election in this place was most warmly contested. Never was an election battle fought with such obstinacy and desperation. Both parties, confident of success, strained every nerve to increase their anticipated majorities. The number of votes polled is unprecedentedly large.

At the several polls in the county, good order and harmony was very generally preserved; but in the city the conduct of many who visited the State House was disgracefully disorderly and riotous. The National Republican young men had erected in front of Mr. Carel's house, in Chesnut street, a transparency representing the downfall of tyranny. This painting was assailed by a mob, and entirely destroyed. The front of the house was also much injured by being pelted with stones. One or two of the rioters were apprehended. Late in the evening also, a fracas took place at Mr. Ryckman's, which resulted in serious injury to several individuals.

We have received no official returns of the result of the election in any of the counties adjoining this city, but intelligence has been received which speaks confidently of the success of Mr. Ritner, as Governor. In Delaware county, Mr. Ritner has a majority of 373 votes; in Chester, 2000; in Lancaster, 2150; in Berks, 300; in Dauphin, 450; in York, 100; in Lehigh, 50; in Adams, 600; in Lebanon, 800; in Bedford, 700; in Franklin, 200. Mr. Wolf has, in Montgomery, 100 majority; in Bucks, 269; in Northampton, 1200; in Schuylkill, 200; in Cumberland, 559; next week we shall probably be able to furnish the positive result.

Mutiny.—The ship Hercules, Capt. Rich, arrived at this port yesterday from Calcutta, via Isle of France, where she put in, in consequence of a mutiny among her crew. Capt. Rich states that on the 5th July, the crew of the Hercules mutinied, fled into the forecastle, and refused to do duty, or come on deck. At the expiration of 48 hours, Capt. Rich confined them in the forecastle, and with assistance of Capt. G. E. Ward, of Salem, a passenger, he with the officers succeeded in getting into the Isle of France, on the 15th, where the mutinous crew were delivered up to the American Consul, a new crew was shipped and the vessel sailed again on the 19th.—*Bost. Gaz.*

Surgical Operation.—In a late English paper we find an interesting account of a surgical operation, performed by two distinguished surgeons of Middleton, Eng.—A boy named Taylor, eight years and a half old, the son of a joiner, in Middleton, having put an iron varnished button, of the bell shape, into his mouth, it passed into his windpipe, and from thence to the right branch or bottom of the bronchia, where it lay, at first moveable, and during such act of coughing produced partial suffocation. At length the button became fixed, and Mr. Dicken, after determining its position, made an incision into the windpipe, through which a pair of forceps, of peculiar construction, were passed six inches to the bottom of the bronchia; but the boy being very weak and faint, the operation was not successful. Subsequently Messrs. Schoolfield and Dicken made another attempt, and succeeded in extracting the button, to the great relief of the sufferer.

Advertisements for Wives.—This custom, which, to the credit of our country is rare in America, is constantly pursued in Europe, and in the British provinces. "Match making" in the old country, is regularly systemised, and pursued by certain individuals as a profession. From an English provincial journal we copy the following—

"A Bill for a wife: Matrimony.—Charles Warren Marnhull, Dorset. My family is as follows:—The eldest boy is 13 years old, and a girl 8 years old. My house is my own, and I have no rent to pay. I have an acre of potatoes, half blues and half whites, this year. My wife has been dead twelve months ago, last Rhoton Fair; the children live with themselves in the daytime but I am always at home with them at night. I do think that it would be better if there was a woman to look after them, both for the children and myself. I have got 8s. a week for my work, and the boy 2s. a week, and have constant employ. I want a good steady woman for a wife. I do not want a second family. I want a woman to look after the pigs while I am out at work.

Mr. Bouder's splendid painting of the Resurrection of Lazarus, and La Belle Nature, still remain in this city open for exhibition. They are daily visited by numbers of our intelligent citizens, whose approbation of the works gives full sanction to the remarks which we offered on the first mentioned painting in our last paper. This picture was visited on Thursday last, by a class of scholars attached to the American Sunday School Union, and the emotions of pleasure and delight manifested by these juvenile critics, must have satisfied the talented artist that his labors have not been in vain. Another class of pupils will visit the painting this afternoon.

Both pictures will shortly be removed from the city; in the mean time let those who admire the fine arts, and would extend a fostering encouragement to acknowledged merit, call and test for themselves the correctness of the high encomiums which have been passed upon these works.

The Baltimore Republican of Tuesday says:—"A mad ball was shot in this city yesterday afternoon; but not until he had killed two boys. The one was a white boy, apparently eight or nine years of age, whom he caught upon his horns, which becoming entangled in his clothes, whom not extricated without several efforts, and was finally effected by throwing him entirely over him, by which the child's brains were dashed out, and he died in a short time after. The other was a coloured boy, whose breast was caught upon the bull's horn, and was instantly killed. He was finally arrested in his course by a master of a vessel lying at the wharf, who levelled him to the earth with his fowling piece."

Internal Improvement.—One of the noblest works of Internal Improvement in this country, is the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, which, although uncompleted, is at present the longest rail road in the world. We perceive that the Directors of this valuable enterprise, have just published their sixth annual report. The Baltimore American of Tuesday, has a lucid synopsis of the report, from which we take this passage:—"The Rail Road as completed extends from the City Block, Baltimore, to the Point of Rocks on the Potomac river 69 miles—to this must be added the lateral rail road to Frederick, 34 miles more—making the total line of road completed, 75¼ miles. Of this distance, from the depot on Pratt street to the western bank of the Monocacy (56¼ miles) is laid down a double track of rails; thence to the point of Rocks, (11¾ miles)—on the lateral road to Frederick, (34 miles)—and from the depot to the City Block (1¾ miles)—the track is single. The whole number of miles of single track laid down, is 139¼—and it is a matter of some importance that the expense of constructing them has fallen $93,934 70 *below* the estimate in the last annual report. On this distance every variety of construction has been tried. About 81¼ miles are laid on wooden strings and sleepers, at an average cost of $1,420 81 per mile—nearly six miles upon wood string pieces and stone blocks, at $5,547 51 per mile—and about 34 upon stone sills at $7,193 14 per mile. Every variety of transportation and of power has been tested, and ample opportunity afforded for judging accurately of all the facts connected with the future progress of the road. With this experience, the directors announce, not as a speculation, but as a demonstrated fact, that the whole cost of the road to Ohio, excluding in the average, the great outlay of the first division, will fall within the original estimate of $20,000 a mile. This is an important item of intelligence—which cannot but invigorate the stockholders with increased zeal and confidence."

Adam Waldie, has commenced publishing in this city, a periodical work entirely new in its character—its title, "Waldie's Select Circulating Library." It is to appear weekly on a double medium sheet of fine paper, in octavo form, containing 16 pages, neatly printed—and may be conveyed by mail, like a newspaper, and at a similar expense. Fifty-two numbers to form a volume, and the price five dollars per annum, payable in advance. A specimen sent to this office, (the first number) is very neat in its appearance, and contains an entire volume of "*Waldstein*, or the Swedes in Prague." It is intended to furnish a copy of new and popular works at an earlier day and less price than they cost at the booksellers.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

Suicide.—One of the passengers of the Brig Marcella, arrived at New York from Russia hung himself, one day out from Elsineur. He left a note in the cabin, to the following effect—"I am tired of living and am determined to make way with myself the first opportunity. Please inform my friends of the act." His name was E. Plowe, and belonged to Denmark.

The celebrated Rev. Dr. Adam Clark, died at London on the 28th of August, of cholera.

Norfolk, according to the Herald of Monday, exhibits numerous signs of improvement. Stores and warehouses with granite fronts are going up on Main street, and handsome buildings are erecting in other parts of the town. With the enterprise and advantages of situation possessed by it, Norfolk should and no doubt will continue to grow rapidly.

On the 1st inst. the Rail Road Company commenced carrying passengers from Bordentown for Amboy, as far as Hights-town, in Cars on the Rail Road. The Cars, are very handsome vehicles, and capable of carrying 30 passengers. They glide in fine style rapidly along the rails, drawn by two horses in tandem harness.

The whole quantity of Coal consumed by the cotton factories, bleacheries and printeries attached thereto, in the United States, in 1830, was forty-five thousand nine hundred and twenty-one tons.

According to the report of the Board of Missions there are 34 Missionary Schools at Bombay, containing 1940 scholars, of whom 455 are girls. At Ceylon there are 3,650 native youth in the Missionary Schools, 3,175 native church members. Attached to the Missionary Church in the Cherokee Territory, there are about 330 native church members.—The removal of the Missionaries, by the Government of Georgia, has had an unhappy effect on the Mission. Many of the Schools are broken up.

A singular trial is about to come on at Nismes. A very respectable merchant at Besancon has been cited before the Tribunal, charged with having *made a face* at the said commissary when he asked for his passport! The worthy officer is probably a physiognomist.

A modern writer thus enumerates the expression of the female eye:—"the glare, the stare, the leer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, the lustre of pleasure.

In the United States, the population of which is 13,000,000, there are about one thousand newspapers published—a greater number than in all Europe, the population of which is 190 millions! There are about fifty daily papers in the United States, and in the State of New York alone 163 newspapers, exclusive of religious journals.

Dandyism.—The Journal of Humanity says that in the course of a month, ending August 23, 1832, no less than 1,500 drunkards went to their graves in New York. This, it is said, is not more than one to every grog shop.

George Sydney, a deaf and dumb man, after being *treated* at a training in Newington, N. H. ascended the belfry to ring the bell, and descended in safety—but after the people had dispersed he again went into the belfry, and was found dead at the foot of the stairs next morning.

On Saturday morning, between 8 and 9 o'clock, a fire was discovered in the back workshop attached to Mr. Lond's piano forte manufactory, in Chesnut above Sixth street. The early arrival of the neighboring fire companies prevented the destruction of much valuable property.

The Lynn Post-office was established in the year 1793; its establishment was effected through the agency of Ebenezer Breed, then a Philadelphia merchant, but now a pauper in the Lynn Alms-house.

We understand that the steam-boat Splendid, Captain Beecher, soon after leaving New York, on Saturday morning, on her way to New Haven, six miles up the East river, broke her cross beam and some other parts of her machinery, so that she could not proceed.

A gentleman, writing from Missouri, expresses no surprise that so many steamboat disasters should occur on the Western waters, while the usage prevails of giving the hands as much whiskey as they choose to drink. The practice is said to be common in all the western steamboats.

We understand, says the Huntsville (Alab.) Advocate, of the 22d ult. that on Tuesday last, Mr. Richard Roberts, a very old gentleman, was shot dead by a Mr. Lowe, near Burrus' Old Store, in this county. The circumstances which led to this unfortunate affair we have not heard.

The Danville Reporter of Saturday, makes known a deficit of $15,000 in the agency of the Farmers' Bank of Virginia at that place. It adds:—"Mr. John W. Chew, the agent, has been in such a situation since the discovery of the default, as to be unable to give any information upon the subject. Further investigation will be made, when we shall be able to speak more definitely."

We understand, says the Monmouth (N. J.) Inquirer, Mr. John Matthews of this township, killed a few days since, *twenty-four rattle snakes*, near Jackson's Mills, in this township. The snakes were all in one group.

An officer of the Quebec Garrison, fishing lately on the river St. Clair, hooked a salmon, who, after holding it for some time, succeeded in bringing it to the shore, and was about to take the hook from its mouth, when the fish by a sudden struggle broke the hook at the shank and escaped; an officer of the same regiment fishing in the same spot a few days afterwards, hooked the same salmon, and succeeded in taking him, with the barbed point of the hook and a part of the artificial fly sticking in his nose.

Two gentlemen fishing a day or two since, for bass, from the Castle Garden Bridge, New York, were much surprised at having *each* caught the same fish. It appeared, on investigation, that the bass was fairly hooked by the parties, on either side of the mouth; and a dispute arose who was the rightful owner, which was decided in favor of the angler whose hook was deepest in the fish's mouth.

We regret to learn that George W. Buchanan, Esq. brother of our present Minister to Russia, died at Pittsburg a few days since, in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

The trustees of the Massachusetts Society for the promotion of Agriculture, have appointed the 17th of October next, for the annual Cattle Show at Brighton

We understand, says the Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Journal, that Mr. Bently Roe, of Milton, Ulster county, in the act of firing a small cannon last Saturday, as the North American passed, was instantly killed by the bursting of the cannon.

A trader at Great Falls publishes in the great Falls Journal a *poetical* list of articles by him for sale. The advertisement concludes with the following truely beautiful and original distich;

"Sulphur and Salts to cure the scratches,
And for the girls, I've got some matches."

In a late sham fight by the regulars and militia at Halifax, &c., about 100,000 cartridges were expended.

The "African Journal," for July and August, have just come to hand; the profits arising from which, are applied to the cause of the Colonization Society. Received from the 23d of May to the 28th of July, $8,378 56.

About 14,000 bbls. Flour were inspected in the town of Petersburg, Va., during the quarter ending on the 30th ult. During the same period there were inspected in Richmond 33,000 bbls. country flour, and about 30,000 bbls. city mills flour.

A gentleman one morning asked a little barefoot boy, what his mother did for a living? "She eats cold victuals, sir," was the reply.

One hundred and sixty runaway convicts were advertised in London in August. They are represented as small men; and many of them are described by marks in India ink on their arms and bosoms, which they had been cunning enough to give themselves!

Twenty-nine deaths by cholera occurred at Richmond during the twenty-four hours ending on Thursday last. Among the victims was Mr. Waddell, an extensive merchant of Lynchburg.

The Italian Opera commenced their performances at New York, on Saturday evening, with Rossini's Opera of Cenorentola. The house, we understand, was well filled with beauty and fashion.

The North American Review says, "the pious thankfulness which Mrs. Trollope expresses at being delivered from Republicanism, is like that of a soldier in our late war, who, when shot through his military cap, remarked that he was devoutly grateful that he had not a low crowned hat on, as in that case the ball would have gone directly through his head."

"There goes a *turncoat*," said A., pointing to B., who had recently changed his political creed. "What would you have?" replied B., "would you have a man wear his coat wrong side out all day because he happened to put it on so in the morning?"

Some of the bottles of wine recovered from the wreck of the Boyne, lost 37 years ago near Southead, have been opened, and found much improved in flavor—they were cluttered with oysters.

Taking a Newspaper.—"Do you take a newspaper, neighbor?" says the Lowell Compend, "Yes." "Which one?" "Take! egad, I take all I can lay my hands upon."

French Day School,
NOW OPEN FOR YOUNG LADIES.

THE peculiar mode of tuition adopted in the institution, enables the pupils to begin speaking from the first lesson, and to continue uninterruptedly. This soon gives them a control over the language which leads to great improvement. It is in consequence of this feature peculiar to my method, that I have conducted during many years, my classes.

As my intention is not to employ any assistance, but to impart the instruction myself, the number of pupils in each of the classes (seven) proposed will not exceed four. In order to allow time for the pursuit of music, drawing, &c. the hours of tuition will be from 9 till 2.

In the afternoon and evening instruction will be given to be masters or to those ladies and gentlemen who being able to read and translate French, and who would likewise wish to speak it. I feel confident that my mode of tuition can in a short time enable them to express their ideas in French. If after three lessons any of the students should be dissatisfied with the plan, they may retire; no charge will be made for their attendance. For particulars apply to V. VALUE,
oct 13—3t* No. 38 Washington Square.

Boarding and Tuition.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his patrons and the public generally, that the duties of his school will be recommenced on Thursday, the 11th inst.

Terms.—For board and tuition in English and Mathematics $30 per quarter of 12 weeks. The Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German and Italian languages will be taught at 8 dollars per quarter extra—all payable in advance. To those who reside out of the city, lodging will be made for washing, others will be charged 40 cts. per day.

Mechanical labor will be provided for a few young men of exemplary moral character who may wish to liquidate the expenses of their education in that way. If application be made soon.
Burlington, N. J. Oct. 9, 1832. PETER POWELL.

References.—Rev. William Ballentine, Classical Instructor, Philadelphia.
Rev. William Maap, Principal of Classical and Mathematical Academy, Crown St. do.
Rev. J. M. Allen, Gen. Agent of Baptist Tract Soc. do.
Rev. J. L. Dagg, Pastor of 5th Baptist Church do.
Rev. H. Keely, Pastor of 8th Baptist Church do.
Rev. J. H. Kennard, Pastor of 5th Baptist Church do.
oct 13—3m—lemo.if

Fall Ribbons.

C. M'KRAHER is constantly receiving new and fashionable silk goods in the line, which he offers, wholesale and retail, at his Ribbon, Silk and Fancy Store, No. 27 North Second street, opposite Christ Church. Oiled silk, travelling and ledge baskets &c. June 23—

CARPENTER'S
CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE.

GEO. W. CARPENTER has removed to 285 *Market Street*, a few doors below 8th old stand, where he will remain until the latter is rebuilt. He is already prepared to execute orders, and invites the attention of physicians, country merchants and druggists to his establishment. Their orders will receive, as heretofore, the most prompt attention, and they can always rely upon receiving the freshest and purest of every article on the most reasonable and accommodating terms.
GEO. W. CARPENTER,
oct 13—tf No. 285 Market st. a few doors below 8th. N. side.

Catechism of American Law.

JUST published, the Catechism of American Law—adapted to popular use—a new and useful work to all persons in business, to those who may wish to be acquainted with American Law, written in a pleasing style. For sale by
J. G. Auner, No. 333

All things abound with jest; nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

A TRIPLE PLEA.

Law, Physic and Divinity.
Were at a jaw, could not agree
To try their nigh which of all three
Should have supremacy.
The Law pleads it preserves men's lands,
And keeps their goods from ravenous hands
Overture of right challengeth he
To have supremacy.
Then steps up the great demure,
That of men's souls take care and cure:
Therefore of right challengeth he
To have supremacy.
Let judges judge this triple plea,
The lawyers shall beat all the away;
Let surgeons take their verdict give,
Physicians most of all shall thrive.
Let Bishops be judges in this case,
Then priests shall have the highest place;
Let honest, sober, wise men judge,
Then all these three away may trudge
For let men live in peace and love,
The lawyer's tricks they need not prove:
Let men forbear excess and rot,
They need not live by Physic's diet:
Let men attend what God doth teach,
They need not care what priest doth preach;
But if need fools and knaves will be,
They may be slaves to all the three.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

ENIGMA.

You will find me composed of sixteen letters transposed and altered, they are as follows:—My 8th, 9th, and 10th, is what most men understand; my 3d, 5th, 6th, 7th, 5th, 6th, and 7th, is pleasing to some, to others horrible; my 3d, 2d, and 1st, is used by men frequently; my 10th, 9th, 6th, 14th, 9th, and 15th, is peculiar to the young; my 10th, 9th, 6th, 14th, 15th, and 16th, is doing what all men seem inclined to; my 7th, 5th, and 16th, to some is pleasure and to others death; my 3d, 8th, 9th, 8th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th, is a charming name; my 7th, 5th, 13th, 5th, 7th, and 10th, by some is applauded by others condemned; my 4th, 2d, 13th, 3d, and 4th, in better imagined than described; my 3d, 5th, 3d, 13th, 5th, 8th, and 7th, has two meanings, the one execrable, the other pleasing; my 13th, 14th, 6th, 14th, and 16th, to do, does not give the finest feelings, 4th, 3d, and 7th, to despised; my 13th, 14th, 6th, and 7th, is of seditious valuable; 2d, 15th, and 8th, is a surprising thing; my 15th, 9th, 8th, 3d, and 4th, often does mischief. I might be differently transposed, but as I am you will find me a knotty thing.

FLAMINGO.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

ANECDOTES OF DR. RUSH.

In the close of one of his lectures, after having pointed out the deleterious effects of ardent spirits upon the habitual drunkard, in respect to fixing his appetite for those liquors, he said he "believed that if such a man were sent to hell, and punished there a thousand years for the crime of drunkenness, and then were permitted to revisit the earth, the first cry he would utter would be, 'Give me grog! give me grog!'"

On Witchcraft.—The doctor once informed me that when he was a young man he had been invited on some occasion to dine in company with Robert Morris, Esq., a man celebrated for the part he took in the American Revolution. It so happened that the company had waited some time for Mr. Morris, who, on his appearance, apologized for detaining them by saying that he had been engaged in reading a sermon of a clergyman who had just come to Philadelphia from Scotland. "Well, Mr. Morris," said the doctor, "how did you like the sermon? I have heard it highly extolled." "Why doctor," said he, "I did not like it at all. It is too smooth and tame for me." "Mr. Morris," replied the doctor, "what sort of sermons do you like?" "I like, sir," replied Mr. Morris, "that preaching which drives a man up into a corner of his pew, and makes him think the devil is after him."

I heard him reprove his medical class once for rashness, during one of his lectures, by saying "Gentlemen, I fear I do not make you happy. The happy are always contented." This gentle rebuke pleased me so well that after lecture I thanked him for it, observing that "when occasion should offer, I would try the effect of it on my congregation." "No," said the doctor, "I hope you will not. It is no compliment to a minister of the Gospel to reprove his congregation for inattention. He should always be able to keep their attention." Adding that "Dr. M.'s congregations were always attentive."

Dr. Rush was perhaps one of the most untiring students that ever lived. Two young physicians were conversing in his presence one day, one of them said, "Where did he intend to studies—" "When you finished your studies" said the doctor, abruptly: "Why you must be a happy man to have finished so young. I do not expect to finish mine while I live."

THE WAGS OUT WAGGED.

A well educated, but energetic farmer, in the western part of Massachusetts, is fond of going to market in the most ordinary dress, and appearing to be somewhat of a most simple and ignorant bumpkin. Having gone to Boston with a load of butter, fowls, and other matters, he was met by some wags, who, taking him to be as raw and simple as he appeared, told him the best way of disposing of his load would be by auction.

"Do you think so?" said he—"for my part, I'm darned ignorant of marketing, having never been in Boston before. How moreover, if you think it's the best way, I'll do as you say. But how must I work it to sell my things by auction?"

"Why," said they, "you must go to the city authorities and get an auctioneer's licence; and then you must strike off your goods to the *lowest* bidder."

"But this auctioneer's licence," said the farmer, "will cost a plaguy sight of money, won't it? Hadn't I better have a auctioneer to sell the things for me?"

"Why perhaps you had," returned the wags: "but you must get the privilege of acting as his deputy, and then you can sell your own goods."

The farmer thanked them for their advice, and promised to follow it. Accordingly having made the preliminary arrangements, he exposed his goods at auction. The first thing he put up was a pair of fowls. The wags were at hand, and thinking there would be the more sport, and no hazard, in commencing with a high bid, one of them bawled out, "*Ten dollars!*"

Before a second had time to bid lower the farmer cried out—"Once! twice! three times!—the fowls are yours, Master, by gaul."—*N. Y. Constellation.*

A Dangerous Tax Gatherer.—There are a great many elephants in the world, in the East of India, but there are not so much esteemed as those which come from a warmer latitude; we have not met with any, although they are to be seen frequently enough, and have been known to come down and attack the same ones. When they are met in herds they are not prone to mischief, but a solitary one, driven perhaps for some breach of law from its associates, is generally ready to offend. It is somewhat appalling, when not quite prepared for the onset, to hear the crackling of the wood, as a wild herd rushes through it. In travelling through Assam, I have heard that this is frequently experienced. And in the interior of Ceylon, I have listened myself with astonishment at the tremendous sound. The elephants sometimes display a great deal of humor in their attacks. After having routed the party, who generally leave their goods behind, they amuse themselves by a most violent display of mirth, and take a real pleasure in their destruction. I remember a narrow pass in the kingdom of Kandy being a long time guarded by one elephant, who determined to allow no one to go through it without paying him a tribute. On his first appearing at the mouth of it, he had frightened a cooly laden with jar, grey, a preparation of sugar; the fellow throwing his burden down, ran away. The elephant picked it up, and finding it excellent, resolved upon levying a similar tax on all future travellers. As the pass was on the highway to Kandy, he could not have chosen a better position for his purpose; and "no trust," altho' not written on his gate, was distinctly enough notified to all passengers. The circumstances soon became generally known, and no cooly ventured to pass that way without having prepared a sop for the Cerberus who guarded it.—*Excursions in India.*

Immortality.—The praises of poets immortalise but their own talents; the favor of sovereigns gives but an artificial grandeur, which vanishes with their favor: but the acclamations of a grateful people give real renown.

One way!—"Pray, Mr. Abernethy," said a young lady, in a whining voice, "which is the best way to cure a cold?" "White wine *whey*," said the blunt surgeon, ringing the bell; "only I must beg you to get out of my way."

OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS.

SWEARING ON THE HORNS AT HIGHGATE.

It's a custom at Highgate, that all who go through,
Must be sworn on the *horns, or!* and so, sir, must you!
Bring the horns! shut the door! now, sir, take off your hat!
When you come here again, don't forget to mind *that!*

"Have you been sworn at Highgate?" is a question frequently asked in every part of the kingdom; for, that such a custom exists in this village is known far and near, though many who inquire, and are asked, remain ignorant of the ceremony. As the practice is declining, diligence has been exorcised to procure information on the spot, and from every probable source, concerning this remarkable usage.

The village of the Highgate takes its name from the gate across the public road into London, opposite the chapel, which is sometimes erroneously called the church, for it is, in fact, only a chapel of ease to Hornsey church. This road runs through land belonging to the bishopric of London, and was made, by permission of the bishop in former times, probably when the whole of this spot, and the circumjacent country, was covered with wood, and part of the great forest of Middlesex, which, according to Matthew Paris, was infested by wolves, stags, boars, and other wild beasts, besides robbers. This gate, from being on the great northern eminence towards London, was called the *high*-gate; as the land became cleared of wood, houses arose near the spot, and hence the village now called *Highgate*. It seems probable, that the first dwelling erected here was the gate-house. The occupier of the inn of that name holds it under a lease from the bishop, under which lease he also farms the bishop's toll. In the year 1769 the old gate-house, which extended over the road, was taken down, and the present common turnpike-gate put up. So much, then, concerning Highgate, as introductory to the custom about to be related.

"Swearing on the *horns*," which now is "a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance," continued at Highgate as a continual popular amusement and private annoyance. An old and respectable inhabitant of the village says, that sixty years ago upwards of eighty stages stopped every day at the Red Lion, and that out of every five passengers three were sworn. It is a jocular usage of the place, from beyond the memory of man, especially encouraged by certain of the villagers, to the private advantage of public landlords. On the drawing up of coaches at the inn doors, particular invitations were given to the company to alight, and after as many as could be collected were got into a room for purposes of refreshment, the subject of being "sworn at Highgate" was introduced, and while a little artifice easily detected who had not taken the oath, some perhaps expressed a wish to submit to the ceremony. It often happened however, that before these facts could be ascertained, "the horns" were brought in by the landlord, and as soon as they appeared enough were usually present to enforce compliance. "The horns," fixed on a pole of about five feet in height, were erected, by placing the pole upright on the ground, near the person to be sworn, who was required to take off his hat, and all present having done the same, the landlord then, in a loud voice, swore in the "party proponent." What is called the oath is traditional, and varies verbally in a small degree. It has been taken down in writing from the lips of different persons who administer it, and after a careful collation of the different versions the following may be depended on as correct. The landlord, or the person appointed by him to "swear in," proclaims aloud—

"Upstanding and uncovered!—Silence!"—

Then he addresses himself to the person he swears in, thus:—

"Take Notice what I now say unto you, for *that* is the first word of your oath—mind *that!*—You must acknowledge me to be your adopted father, I must acknowledge you to be my adopted son (or daughter.) If you do not call me father you forfeit a bottle of wine, if I do not call you son, I forfeit the same. And now, my good son, if you are travelling through this village of Highgate, and you have no money in your pocket, go call for a bottle of wine at any house you think proper to go into, and book it to your father's score. If you have any friends with you, you may treat them as well, but if you have money of your own, you must pay for it yourself. For you must not say you have no money when you have, neither must you convey the money out of your own pocket into your friends's pockets, for I shall search you as well as them, and if it is found that you or they have money, you forfeit a bottle of wine for trying to cozen and cheat your poor old ancient father. You must not eat brown bread while you can get white, except you like the brown the best; you must not drink small beer while you can get strong, except you like the small the best. You must not kiss the maid while you can kiss the mistress, except you like the maid the best, but sooner than lose a good chance you may kiss them both. And now, my good son, for a word or two of advice. Keep from all houses of ill repute, and every place of public resort for bad company. Beware of false friends, for they will turn to be your foes, and inveigle you into houses where you may lose your money and get no redress. Keep from thieves of every denomination. And now, my good son, I wish you a safe journey through Highgate and this life. I charge you, my good son, that if you know any in this company who have not taken this oath, you must cause them to take it, or make each of them forfeit a bottle of wine, for if you fail to do so you will forfeit a bottle of wine yourself. So now, my son, God bless you! Kiss the horns or a pretty girl if you can see one here, which you like best, and so be free of Highgate!"

If a female be in the room she is usually saluted, if not, the horns *must* be kissed: the option was not allowed formerly. As soon as the salutation is over, the swearer-in commands "silence!" and then addressing himself to his new-made "son," he says, "I have now to acquaint you with your privilege as a freeman of this place. If at any time you are going through Highgate and want to rest yourself, and you see a pig lying in a ditch you have liberty to kick her out and take her place; but if you see three lying together you must only kick out the middle one and lie between the other two! God save the king!" This important privilege of the freemen of Highgate was first discovered by one Joyce, a blacksmith, who a few years ago kept the Coach and Horses, and subjoined the agreeable information to those whom "he swore in."

When the situation of things and persons seems to require it, the "bottle of wine" is sometimes compounded for a modus of sundry glasses of "grog," and in many cases a pot of porter.

There is one circumstance essential for a freeman of Highgate to remember, and "*that* is the first word of his oath,—mind *that!*" If he fail to recollect *that*, he is subject to be resworn from time to time, and so often until he remember *that*. He is therefore never to forget the injunction before he swears, to take notice what is said, "for *that* is the first word of your oath—mind *that!*" Failure of memory is deemed want of comprehension, which is deemed no plea in the high court of Highgate—"mind *that!*" That is, that *that* "that," is "*that*."

PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE SEA.

The luminous appearance which the waters of the ocean at times assume, is a magnificent and surprising spectacle. The ship drives impetuously through the billows, seems to throw out furrows of fire, and leaves behind her a brilliant and fiery wake. There is almost an endless variety of beauty in those appearances. When a calm glasses the surface of the ocean, the dippers at an oar or any other agitation of the water, scatters a thousand sparkles to glitter upon the surface. But nothing can exceed the grandeur of the scene, when the tumultuous waves are breaking and dashing in fiery foam. The light afforded by this luminous phenomenon is so great, that at times persons have been able to read by it. Not only is the light to be seen in the blows and wake of a ship, but fishes leave a luminous track behind them; and an arch made just played around her saucy fins, and spoke all the time fairness and ball! strikes me that women will often look, but not alway, trust to the flimsy vehicle of words. I could restrain myself no longer—but forgetting all but those heavenly lips, I approached and——

Pour Julia—she thought she heard the knell of her young dreams. The hue of her cheek, and the sparkle of her azure eye were gone as before; and as he paused in such glowing colors the picture of his feelings, her lips quivered, and tears swelled up and dimmed the blue light of eyes beautiful as Hebe.

"I will never speak to you again, Charles," sobbed she, "if this be true."

"It is true," he exclaimed, "only not half like the reality. It was your own picture, my sweet girl, that I kissed again and again."

She looked at him a moment, and buried her wet eyes in his bosom. As she lifted her head, and, shaking back the clustering ringlets that fell around her brow, displayed her face smiling through its tears, he saw nothing found its way around her waist, and—but I am at the end of my sheet.

BORROWING.

There is no class of people more annoying to a community than those who are eternally in the habit of *borrowing*—who, through extreme *parsimony*, neglect to provide themselves with the various articles, which are considered indispensable in a well-regulated family, and subsist almost entirely at the expense of their neighbours. But it is a notorious fact, which we dare say many of our readers will bear when-as to, that there are many families, who seem to make it the chief business of their lives to borrow.

"My dear," said Mrs. Green to her husband one morning, "the meal which we borrowed from Mr. Black a few days ago, is almost out, and we must bake to-morrow."

"Well," said her husband, "send and borrow half a bushel at Mr. White's; he sent to mill yesterday."

"And when it comes, shall we return the peck we borrowed, more than a month ago, from the widow Gray?"

"No," said the husband, laughing, "she can send for it when she wants it. John, do you go down to Mr. Brown's, and ask him to lend me his axe to chop some wood this forenoon; ours is quite dull, and I saw him grinding his last night. And James, do you go to Mr. Clark's, and ask him to lend me a hammer—and do you hear? you may as well borrow a few nails, while you are about it."

A little boy now enters and says: "Father sent me to ask if you had done with his hoe, which you borrowed a week ago last Wednesday, as mother wants to use it."

"Waste his hoe, child! What can he want with it? I have not half done with it yet—but if he wants it, I suppose he must have it. Tell him to send it back, though, as soon as he can spare it."

They set down to breakfast. "O la!" exclaims Mrs. Green, "there is not a particle of butter in the house—James, run over to Mrs. Notable's, she always has excellent butter in her dairy, and ask her to lend me a pint-full."

After a few minutes James returns: "Mrs. Notable says she has sent you the butter, but begs you to remember that she has already lent you *nineteen* platefuls, which are scored on the dairy door."

"Nineteen platefuls!" exclaimed the astonished Mrs. Green, holding up both her hands: "it is no such thing—I never had *half* the quantity; and if I had, what is a little plateful of butter? I shall think Mrs. Notable mighty accurate of such a trifling affair—I declare, I have a great mind never to borrow any thing of that mean creature again, as long as I live."

After breakfast, Mr. Green must shave. His *razor is* out of order—"John, where is Mr. Smith's horse and strap?"

"He sent for it the other day, sir, and said he should like to have the privilege of using it himself sometimes."

"Sent for it! Impertinent! He might at least have waited till I was done with it. Well, go down to Squire Stearn's, and ask him to lend me his best razor; tell him mine is so dull I can do nothing with it. I know he has an excellent one—for I saw him buy it last week at Mr. Grant's store. He says and get the new one."

A little girl enters: "Mother sent me to see if you had done with *the second volume of Milman's History of the Jews*, which you *borrowed* of her several months ago. She says she would like to read it herself."

"My dear child, why did not your mother send for it before? I declare I don't know where it is now. I lent it to somebody—I forget who! I'll make inquiry, and if I can find it, I will send it to her in the course of a few weeks."

In the afternoon it rains—"Wife, where is my great-coat?"

"My dear, your great-coat has got two great holes under the arm-pits; besides, it is so shabby I am ashamed to see you wear it. Can't we borrow one somewhere? Here James, go to Deacon Davis's and ask him if he will lend your father his new surtout, as it rains, and his is not fit to wear. He will take good care of it, and return it when he is done with it." And so on to the end of the chapter.

A friend once informed us, that about ten o'clock, one cold stormy evening in the month of February, when his family was about retiring for the night to their respective apartments a loud rap was heard at the door, which on being opened, there entered a little urchin, who said his mammy, who lived but a few paces distant, had sent her respects, and wished to *borrow* a warming pan to warm her bed, as the night was cold, and they had none in the house. The warming-pan was forthwith brought from the kitchen, and handed over to the little fellow; but he was not yet satisfied—"Mother says if you lend us the warming pan, perhaps you would lend us some coals too, to put into it, as our fire is almost gone out."

The incredulous, who humbly solicits alms at your gate, tells you that he is the child of poverty—and his squalid features and filthy rags confirm the tale. You cheerfully tender him all the assistance in your power, conscious that virtue sometimes dwells beneath a tattered garb. The highwayman, who knocks you down, and then summons you to stand, gives you a convincing, though rather unwelcome proof, that however degraded the wretch may be from the presence of virtue, yet *courage* still ennobles his heart. But the *newspaper borrower* does not possess one redeeming——Beg we will command our temper.

A Sentry-trick.—General Daniel passing by a sentinel at Portsmouth, the fellow complained that he wanted a pair shoes. "Tis fit that you should have a pair," said the General. Thereupon he takes a piece of chalk, and chalks out a pair of shoes upon the sentry box. "There's a pair for you," adds he, and goes his way. His back was no sooner turned than the soldier chalks out a man standing sentinel, and then goes his way. The General presently after was surprised to meet the fellow in town, inquired with several threats, how he came to leave his post. "Sir," said he, "I am relieved." "Relieved, that's impossible, at this time of day. Who has relieved you?" "One, I'll warrant for it, that will not leave his post," replied the soldier. Hereupon the General goes with him to the place. "There, sir," says the fellow, if I go to look upon this as a good pair of shoes, you must own that this is likewise a very good sentinel."

EXPERIMENTS.

Chemistry.—Housekeepers often pour vinegar, or sour cider, upon pearlash or saleratus, which produces a brisk effervescence. The bubbles of air thrown off are carbonic acid. When these ingredients are mixed in a pint or quart pitcher or glass, and the effervescence continued for a few minutes, and a burning candle or a small paper be inserted, it will be immediately extinguished, showing that carbonic acid is fatal to combustion. It is equally fatal to life.

In November last, a passenger in a steamboat passing down the Mississippi, drew his ash handkerchief over the brass top of an antiseptic, and placed a box coal of fire upon it, without injury to the handkerchief.

Another passenger put a few spoonfuls of honey into a box, made of common writing paper, and placed it upon hot coals on the hearth, where it remained until the honey boiled, without scorching the paper.

DIALOGUE ON DUELLING.

F. Were any man to call me a liar, a scoundrel, or a fool, by heavens, I'd challenge him.

W. And so prove your title to at least one of the opprobrious epithets.

F. How, sir! do you call me a *fool?*

W. By no means. How could I be so rash, as to think of it, when you have just declared you would challenge me?

F. That I would in less than the snapping of a pistol.

W. And if you should, where would be the advantage?

F. Why I would kill you of course.

W. But suppose I would not fight?

F. Then I would post you for a liar and a coward.

W. That probably would not hurt me, and certainly would not benefit you. Your posting me would not prove you any the less of a fool; the original charge, if it had any force, would remain the same though you were to post me a thousand times.

F. It would be some satisfaction at least to stigmatize you.

W. But suppose that I should accept your challenge and kill you?

F. Why, then my honor would be satisfied.

W. But the charge of fool would still cling to your memory, and those who once had charity enough to believe you possessed some little sense, would be unanswerably convinced by the last act of your life that you were a fool.

F. They would say—"Here lies that fellow F. who in order to convince people that he was not a fool, 'died as a fool dieth.'"

F. Do you mean to insinuate that I am a fool?

W. Certainly not. I know you would challenge me; and I have not the least desire to be killed just now, nor, do I feel bloody minded enough to wish to kill you or any other man. But suppose I should call you a fool, and refuse challenging, I should in fool enough to fight, and you should kill me, what advantage would you gain?

F. I would wipe out the stigma of being called a fool.

W. How so? You would not prove yourself any the less a fool by having stood up to be shot at; though you should chance to escape death. The original charge would still remain with the same force as formerly.

F. But I should gratify my revenge, and that would be some comfort.

W. That is on the supposition you kill me; but if I killed you, then, friend F. you would say nothing of the gratification. The truth is, your whole plan of wiping out a stigma; whether it be of a fool, liar, scoundrel, or what not, has no foundation in reason or sound argument; because the challenging, the killing, the posting, or whatever may be the result, leaves the original question, whether the offensive charge be true or false, precisely where it was before the challenge. A fool may call out a wise man, a liar, the tenor of truth, a scoundrel, an honest man, &c. &c. The mere circumstance of challenging or fighting, does not place the challenger on higher ground, or alter his relative position for the better.

F. What would you have a man do, then, when he is insulted or slandered?

W. Do! Why, if he is an honest man and a good citizen, continue so by faithfully observing the laws and fulfilling all the duties as a worthy member of society. On the contrary, if he is a bad man, the best thing he can do is to see about amendment; and instead of killing his adversary, be careful to give him no further cause to speak evil of him.

F. And so let the stigma remain upon his own character.

W. Let him do as I have mentioned, and he will soon get rid of the stigma. An honest and true man is like pure gold, a tarnish cannot adhere to him. The harder he is rubbed the brighter he shines.—*N. Y. Constellation.*

Swearing by a twist-hand.—A *straightforward* witness, (a lace maker or twist hand,) whose evidence before the court, and when taken before the committing magistrate, *slightly* varied, said to the learned judge that he could swear he saw the prisoner at work about the hour when the robbery with which he stood charged was committed, if it were legal to *swear through glass*, there being a window between them.

WITNESS.

If I should *swear through glass*, my lord,
Would that be any sin

JUDGE.

Through glass, you rogue! upon my word,
You'd swear through thick and thin.

Jacob Semnoff,

No. 165 Ninth Second Street, Hard manufacturer, having received between current from the United States, he as improvement in making fine cards of steel, recommend them to the manufacturer and country generally, as most durable, superior to any thing of the kind ever used. That very large metal is one of the largest manufactories in the United States, and esteemed of by all. he warrants them to be superior both for wire and durability to the backs of steel made upon the old plan.

Also a general assortment suitable for country work, always on hand.

The above articles will be sold as low as by any other manufacturer in the city. sept 28—1y

French Millinery.

MRS. CHAMBERS, Agent, respectfully informs her customers and the Ladies of Philadelphia, that she will on Wednesday next, the 10th instant, open a splendid assortment of the latest and most approved Parisian Fall Fashions, at No. 192 Harmony Street, between Ninth and Seventh, first house to the Chapel Hair Trimp Church.

P. S.—Wanted, two good hands, and several apprentices. oct 6—3t

JOSEPH SWARTZ'S

CARPET MANUFACTORY, No. 319 North Third street, (next door to the Commissioners' Hall) Philadelphia, where a fashionable Carpets are made of different patterns, in the handsomest style. He also keeps on hand ready made Carpets, which he offers wholesale and retail, at the most reasonable prices.

Orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

He also informs the public in general that he has at present an extensive assortment of Domestic Carpeting for sale, of superior quality, which he can recommend to all parts of the United States.

Also, several hundred yards very superior Floor Carpeting.

N. B. The advertiser has received a Silver Medal from the Franklin Institute, for manufacturing carpeting of superior quality. sept 8—1mos

Carpet Manufactory.

GEORGE SHINER, No. 61 Race street, between Front and Second streets, respectfully informs the friends and the public, that he has put on hand a quantity of domestic carpeting, of a good quality, which he sells low for cash.

N. B.—All kinds of customers' carpet woven at the shortest notice, at No. 61, Race street. oct 6—

The Subscribers

RESPECTFULLY inform the public that in consequence of the reduction in the price of Barley, they will from this date sell Porter and Ale, as follows, per barrel.

Strong Beer,	5 do.
Middle do.	4 50 do.
Small do.	4 do.

Thomas Morris, Jr. | N. L. Dawson,
George Pepper, | Hutchinson & Bishop,
Peed's Canal Jr. | Sam'l. Sloan,
Peed's Canal & Sons, | Abiel, Nesbit & Co.
Peed's & Wm. P. Peed. | Wm. C. Anderson.

oct 6—3t

30 Dollars Reward.

RANAWAY from the subscriber, on the 14th September, Charles Burden, an indented apprentice to the Lath'g Shearing business. Intermarried to working on mule-looks, about the nineteenth year of his age; about five feet five or six inches high; had on when he went away, an old blue coat, and general appearance; had on a superfine black long cloth coat, light summer pantaloons made tight, silk velvet vest, black hat, boots. Stated to have much property in his possession, such as cloth pantaloons part worn, and brown cloth for another pair; one blue casimette or cloth coat, and one summer coat; also, a full set of working tools. There went in company with him a rough built boy, about as tall as himself, but not so stout, with a blue jacket, nearly as fast high, by the name of Joseph Cresser, dress in a blue cloth coat and brunswick pantaloons; he is also a runaway apprentice.

All persons are forbid harboring or employing said boy under the utmost penalty of the law.

The above reward and all reasonable charges will be paid to any person who will secure him in any jail in this state, or deliver him to his master, or give such information by which he may get him.

GEORGE P. MITCHELL,
Burlington City, N. J. Aug. 25, 1842. oct 6—3t

Public Sale.

PURSUANT to the last will and testament of ISRAEL DAVIS, late of the township of Tredyffrin, county of Chester, deceased, will be sold at public sale, on Saturday, the 15th inst. at the late dwelling of said deceased, the following described real estate, viz: No. 1, the Mansion House, with about one hundred and thirty-two acres of first rate Valley Land, situate in the township aforesaid; bounded by lands of James Boyer, Jacob Beaver, David Wilson, Thomas Rowland and others. The improvements consist of a substantial stone dwelling house, two stories high, with a large wing, all in good repair, and the accommodation of two families if necessary; a large stone barn, spring house, wagon house, carriage house, and other outbuildings. The property is watered by Valley Creek, and has thereon five never failing springs of water, and is well fenced and in a high state of cultivation. The situation is a desirable one, such as can seldom be met with; the fences are good; the orchard productive, with a variety of grafted fruit in the prime of bearing; and there is a never failing stream of limestone water through the premises, and a spring house over a spring of excellent water within a few feet of the dwelling house door, a handsome new stone barn, and other out buildings; also, a thriving young apple orchard, together with a variety of other fruit trees.

Also, at the same time and place, thirty acres of woodland, adjoining the last described property, to lots to suit purchasers; the timber is fit to split out, and worthy the attention of lime burners and others.

Persons wishing to view the property, will please call on Wm. Griffith or Jos. Watson, living on the premises, or on either of the subscribers.

ROBERT VAUX, Jr.
RANDALL EVANS,
Executors.

oct 6—3t

Public Sale.

BY order of the Orphan's Court of Delaware county, will be sold at public sale, on Thursday, the 20th day of October next, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain Homestead Plantation and Messuage of Inheritance, situate in the township of Upper Darby, in Delaware County, late the residence of Knox Hance, deceased, about five miles from the city of Philadelphia, and bounded by lands of Hannah Hance, John Kirk, Alexander Hunt, and others, and by the Philadelphia and West Chester Road, containing about 62 acres of land.

The improvements are a large, elegant, and commodious two story stone dwelling house, with four large rooms and an entry on the first floor, with a kitchen adjoining, and a well of good water. Also a carriage house, a smoke house, an ice house, and a large double floored stone barn, with stabling convenient for 20 horses or cattle.

There is also on the premises a good two story stone tenement house, suitable for a farmer, with a well of water near the door; a good stone spring house, two large and excellent bank barns, a never failing garden fruit, with a number of fine fruit trees of various kinds. The land is of good quality, well improved, and divided into convenient fields by post and rail fence.

The above premises are situated in a healthy and pleasant neighborhood, and well suited for a country seat. Persons desirous to view the premises will be shown the same by applying to John Hunt, who resides thereon.

Terms at sale.

SAML. CALEY, Adm'r.

By the Court.—Henry Myers, clerk. oct 6—3t

Notice

IS hereby given to all persons that wish to improve in the application of water power, are requested to call at C. Bellers & Son's, North Sixth Street, No 9, and examine a reducing water wheel, made of cast iron. The proprietors of this wheel will guarantee it will answer the purpose of any overshot, it is a money saving wheel, and its durability unquestionable. All communications made to Bellers & Sons, Reliance Foundry, will receive prompt attention, or to G. Sellers & Sons. sept 23—3m

Watches, Jewellery, & Silver WARE.

THE subscriber having removed from his old stand, No. 80, to his newly fitted up store, No. 202 Market street, south side, 3d door below Eighth street, where he has opened and offers for sale a fresh and elegant assortment at wholesale and retail, gold and silver patent lever and plain watches, chains, seals, keys, breast pins, finger rings, ear rings, shirt studs, silver coffee pots, tea pots, water pots, sugar dishes, slop bowls, cake baskets, table spoons, tea spoons, mustard spoons, salad spoons, soup ladles, plated castors, candle sticks, bread baskets, silver, plated and steel spectacles to suit persons of all ages, ever painted pencils, musical boxes, musical tune pieces of different patterns, and a variety of other fancy articles, which he will dispose of on reasonable terms.

N. B. Watches of all description, as usual, repaired and warranted. WILLIAM BAILY.

may 12—6mo*

Washington Distillery.

SOUTH STREET, ABOVE TWELFTH, PHILADELPHIA.

JOSEPH DOOL, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has opened at the above stand a first rate assortment of Foreign and Domestic Wines, Liquors and Cordials, viz:

Aromised Cordial,	Holland Gin.
Peppermint do.	Jamaica Spirits
Cinnamon do.	Domestic Brandy,
Lemon do.	do. Gin,
Orchid Leaves,	New Patent Rum,
Life of Man,	Lavender Brandy,
Wine Bitters,	Shrub,
Tansy Bitters,	Wild Cherry,
Essence of Peppermint.	Caraway Gin, &c. &c.
French Brandy.	

Country merchants, grocers, tavern keepers and private families, will find it very much to their advantage to give him a call as he is determined to sell his superior articles at a lower price than they can be obtained at any other establishment in the United States. sept 29—2t

DOUBLE LOOPED STOCKINET SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

A NEW article of a superior quality. J. B.

JOSEPH HIBBERT, No. 61 Arch above Second, side of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia,—Respectfully informs the public that he has commenced the manufacture of Cotton, Worsted and Woollen Shirts and Drawers, which possess many advantages in the materials, and durability, over those manufactured in the usual way. The advertiser feels confident that all who purchase, will give the articles a decided preference.

J. Hibbert intends keeping constantly on hand a quantity of shirts and drawers, made of different threads; and he invites those who wish to prepare for the approaching cold weather, to call and examine for themselves. ☞ S. B. Suspenders and Belts or Girdles also on hand. sept 8—1y

Tin Ware Manufactory,

NO. 52 North Second Street, above Arch, and 179 North Second street, opposite Penn street, Philadelphia.

William W. Fowler, being thankful for past favors, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has removed from his old stand, corner of Willow and Second streets, to the above mentioned places; and hopes, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

N. B. Gutters, house pipe, copper, tin, and sheet iron roofing, done in the best manner, and on the most reasonable terms. sept 8—1y*

Dr. Chauncey,

Botanic Physician, Office No. 152 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, continues to offer his services to all cases of disease.

The system of practice here alluded to, is based upon incontestable and scientific principles; every part of which is rational and demonstrable. Hence when every body was seriously sought, and every means tried to arrive at the proper cure of the appalling pestilence, the success attending the practice has called the attention of the public.

Within the last two months, 111 persons who had purchased medicines here, have come forward, unsolicited, and reported favorably of its efficacy in arresting the disease. Of these, many had been violently attacked with spasmodic cholera. In twenty practice, by this system, up to the present time, only one of 32 has terminated fatally. Hundreds in this city are now ready to testify, that the free use of these vegetable medicines has materially lessened the bills of mortality. More than 600 persons have purchased the cholera tincture within two months. The citizens may find a remedy here, equally efficacious in all the prevailing diseases. There is no pretension to cure every disease by one medicine, as has been asserted. This is a regular, natural and matured system of healing diseases by vegetable pills. All kinds of family medicines, to suit all diseases, according to the system, with directions for use, constantly in readiness, labeled, with directions for using.

Just received and for sale, cheap, a quantity of best African Opossum; together with a fresh assortment of the genuine Canadian lumbago; all at reduced prices.

Also, as usual, Family rights, or Dr. Thomson's Narrative and Guide to Health, 3d edition, with a Supplement, may be had by applying as above (129 South 4th street,) of the legal agent, Wm. Armstrong. sept 23—4t

Philadelphia Boarding & Day SCHOOL FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

Rear of St. Stephen's Church, Tenth street below Market.

THE [illegible] rate institution, which has been several years in full and successful operation, is received in all respects the family. From all parts of the United States. The course of studies embraces all the various branches of a thorough English, classical, mathematical, and scientific education; the elementary principles of which are thoroughly inculcated by best text books. Penmanship, and the circulation of correct, mental principle, and the establishment of industrious and virtuous habits are also well attended to. A great number of pupils are annually prepared in this institution for a creditable admission into the most celebrated colleges; or for a successful entrance into business. It is at present patronized by individuals most eminently distinguished for their political learning, intimate wealth, and well known respectability.

References is respectfully made to the Rt Rev. Bishop White Rev. F. S. Ely, Rev. W. H. Delaney, Rev. G. T. Bedell, Hon. Judges Gibson, Hopkinson and Ch[illegible], Hon. John Sergeant, Hon. C. B. Penrose, Hon. D. W. Richards, Mayor of Philadelphia, W. Meredith, Esq.; Alexander Henry, Esq.; Isaac Harvey, jr. Esq., P. S. Duponceau, Esq., S. Morris, Esq., Mathew Carey, Esq., H. Carney, Esq.; Robert Vaux, Esq., and R. Wash, Esq.

The annual charge for boarding scholars is $300.

Letters (post paid) from any part of the Union attended to if addressed to the residence of the subscriber, No. 172 South Eleventh st. Philada.

april 14—7mos

Tanner's new Map of the U. States,

IS now published and for sale at No. 141 Chesnut street. A large and correct Map of the United States of America third edition, greatly improved by H. S. Tanner.

Price of the map mounted on rollers, ... $10 00
do. folded or case, ... 6 00
do. as book neatly done for the pocket, ... 4 50
do. accompanying memoir, ... 1 00

This map contains, in addition to all the counties, towns, canals, rail roads, &c. as heretofore published, the principal places of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Charleston, New Orleans and Cincinnati, together with particular maps, on enlarged scales of the environs of those cities respectively; outlines of all the states, together with a general and rail-roads in the United States, and copious statistical tables, adapted in conformity to the late census. The whole compiled in 33 supplemental plates, maps, diagrams &c. oct 6—3t

A Card.

JAMES WINTER gives notice that he continues cleaning and dressing all kinds of shawls in the most superior manner, such he cannot be excelled, by any house in the United States, &c. &c. equal the finest, and warrants the colors not to fade. His residence is in North Second st., a few doors above Race, No. 157.

N. B. Also a patent mangle from London, to good order, for sale. sept 23—6m*

Patent Straw Cutters.

THE Subscriber is now prepared to receive orders for Rafford's highly approved Patent Straw Cutters, of which the most approved references can be given.

THOMAS PHIPPEY,
Ironmonger, No. 57 Market street.

N. B. Patent Rights for Kentucky, New Jersey and Delaware States, or any County, may be had on moderate terms. aug 27—tf

Assignment.

NOTICE is hereby given, that Joseph Steward and Margaret his wife, (of the township of Chester, in the county of Burlington and State of New Jersey,) have this day assigned to the subscribers, in trust for the general benefit of his creditors, of all his estate, real and personal. All persons having claims against said Joseph Steward, are hereby required to present the same to the subscribers, duly